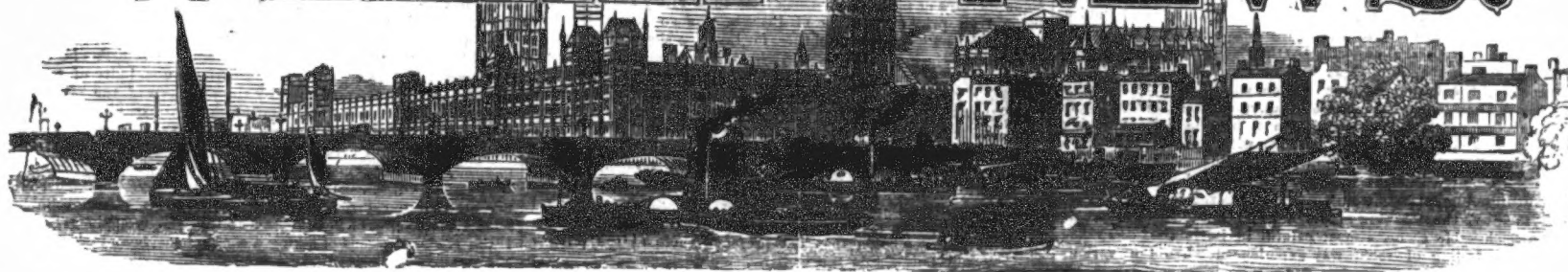


WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 182.—VOL. IV. NEW SERIES. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866. ONE PENNY.

DEPARTURE OF FRENCH TROOPS FROM ROME.

The first regiment of the French army about to leave Rome was the 85th infantry. The illustration below represents the regiment receiving the farewell benediction.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO WOLVERHAMPTON.

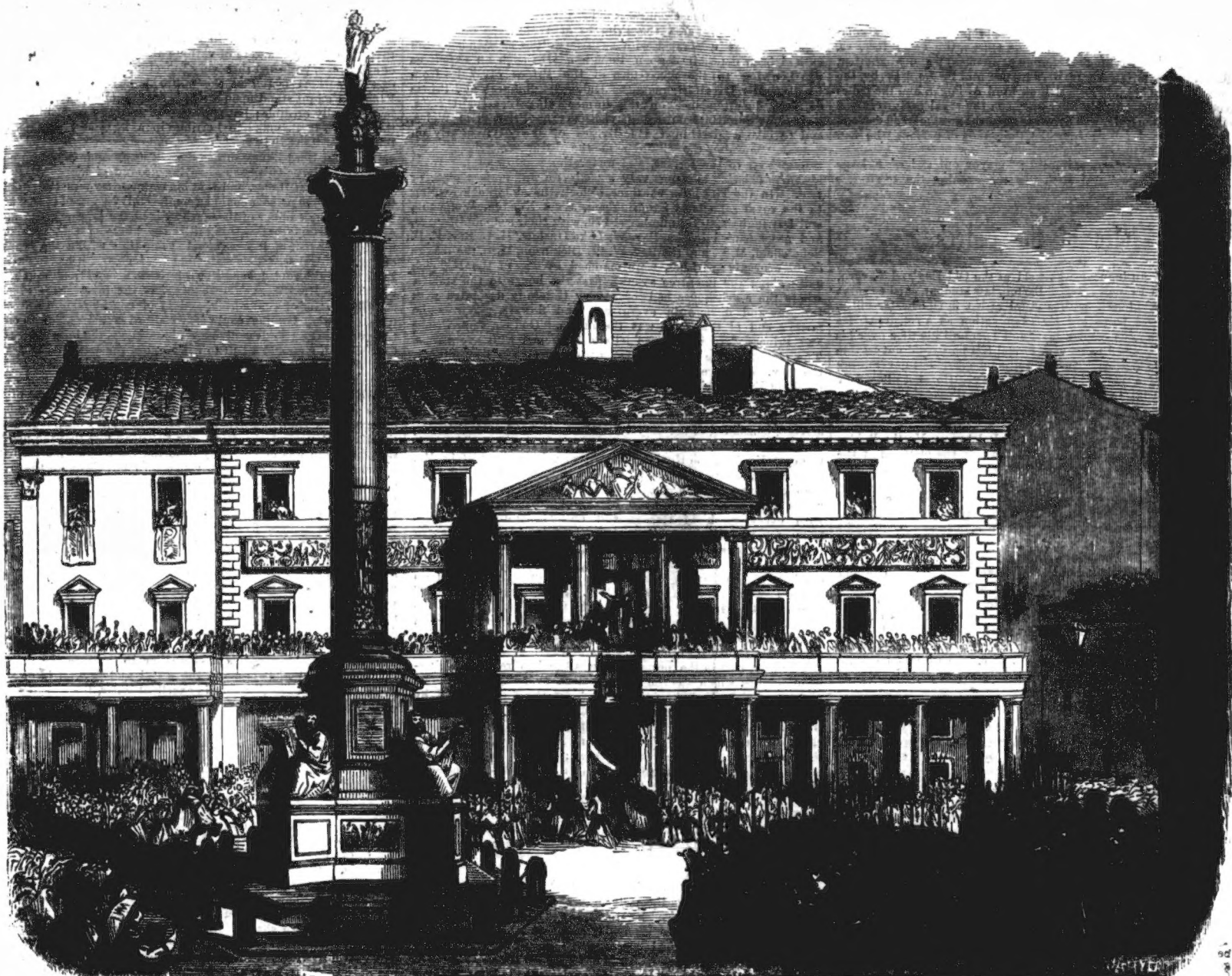
There probably never was collected a larger crowd in any spot in the United Kingdom—perhaps excepting the metropolis itself—than that which poured into Wolverhampton on Friday morning week from every town, village, and hamlet in the midland and northern counties. The railway accommodation was taxed to the utmost; but in addition every road was covered long before daylight with vehicles and toiling pedestrians, all hurrying to see their Queen perform a solemn act of devotion to the memory of her late consort. The pageant of the day was splendid.

The great centre of attraction was of course the "High-green," or market-place, in the centre of which stood, closely veiled, the statue on its lofty pedestal of Dartmoor granite. The statue, which is of bronze, is hardly up to the heroic size, but is very

spirited and lifelike according to the modern canons of sculpture. The height from the bottom of the pedestal to the top of the head is sixteen feet. The prince is represented in his field-marshal's uniform, and with one hand stretched forward he seems graciously to acknowledge the vivas of the crowd. The horse, which is modelled from the life, is a portrait of his royal highness's favourite charger. The whole is a most meritorious work of art, and Mr. Thornycroft, the artist, has the pleasure of knowing that it meets with the full approval of her Majesty. During the morning, the whole—rider, horse, and pedestal—was closely veiled in by a drapery of the national flag, and no one was permitted to examine it until it had been formally unveiled in the Queen's presence. Immediately facing the statue was a royal pavilion of handsome design, covered, and draped in crimson cloth, and surmounted by the royal crown. Pillars in crimson and white supported the sides and corner, and the white rose of Lancaster profusely studded the curtain and draperies. A throne and two chairs of state stood within, and a few steps, covered with crimson, led up to the pavilion from the entrance. All round the statue

the open area of the market-place was occupied by an extensive amphitheatre with ascending seats, all draped and decorated in harmony with the royal pavilion. In the front seats were representatives of the nobility, gentry, and clergy of Staffordshire and other neighbouring counties; and the upper seats accommodated the more influential inhabitants of the town and the personal friends of the town council.

Her Majesty and suite, including the Earl of Derby and Lord Alfred Paget, arrived by special train at the Great Western Station at ten minutes past one o'clock, where she was received by the Earl of Lichfield (lord lieutenant of the county), and the mayor and corporation of Wolverhampton. The mayoress presented a splendid bouquet, which was most graciously received by her Majesty, and a handsome bracelet to the Princess Christian, which was also most graciously received. It took some time to form the procession, which, however, was exceedingly effective and imposing. In front were the Staffordshire Yeomanry Cavalry, a splendid body of men and horses; then the corporation carriage, followed by the royal one, in the last of which, an open landau



DEPARTURE OF THE FRENCH TROOPS FROM ROME.—THE FAREWELL BENEDICTION BEFORE THE COLUMN OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

drawn by four horses, sat the Queen, the Princesses Christian and Louise, and the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. An escort of the 8th Hussars closed the procession, which proceeded slowly through the principal streets of the town. It would be mere repetition to mention again the density of the crowd or the enthusiasm of the reception. Her Majesty was very pleased, and bowed her acknowledgments very frequently as she passed along.

The approach of the royal procession to the Market-square was indicated to the pavilion company by the gradually rising hum of the immense crowd and the cheers which filled the air, both growing louder and louder every moment, until the bright helmets of the yeomanry flashed across the market-place, and the carriages of the corporation drew up at the entrances. Immediately after the royal carriage drew up, the band played forth the National Anthem, and her Majesty the Queen, the Princesses Christian and Louise, and Prince Christian sat at the state entrance. By this time the ladies of honour, the Prime Minister (the Earl Derby), the borough member, the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, &c., had formed a semi-circle round the throne, advancing from which her Majesty, with the two Princesses and Prince Christian, presented themselves in front of the pavilion. The cheers now became deafening; her Majesty bowed again and again, and with eyes suffused with tears, gazed earnestly at the still veiled statue. There was real and deep emotion evident in every feature of the Queen, which the surrounding subjects were quick to perceive; they gave cheers of sympathy, the meaning of which could not be mistaken. It was a remarkable scene, almost painful in its interest—so much so that a feeling of relief was experienced when the various deputations advanced to the dais, and the officials commenced their portions of the ceremonial. The Bishop of Lichfield read an appropriate prayer, and the recorder of the borough (Mr. J. I. Powell) then delivered an address to her Majesty. The Queen listened apparently with pleased attention, and at the conclusion of the address whispered something to the Earl of Derby, who in his turn whispered to the mayor, and that functionary coming forward and kneeling. Lord Alfred Paget handed her Majesty his sword, and the mayor rose to his feet Sir John Morris. The compliment was accepted with delight by this worthy gentleman's fellow-townsmen. Mr. Thornycroft then unveiled the statue, whilst the band of the 39th played the Coburg march, and the assembled people cheered enthusiastically. Her Majesty stood gazing for a few minutes steadfastly and earnestly at the statue, her eyes becoming again filled with tears; but soon she seemed as if by a strong effort to recover her self-possession, and conversed calmly with Lord Derby.

After a few minutes' pause, during which the cheering of the assembled people was more than once renewed, her Majesty descended from the pavilion, and walked slowly round the statue, minutely inspecting it as she passed along. Mr. Thornycroft was spoken to, and his work commended, after which her Majesty returned to the pavilion, where she remained in conversation with the Earl of Derby, Mr. Villiers, and one or two other persons of distinction.

The return, although passing through a new series of streets, was only a repetition of the earlier progress to the market-place. Her Majesty arrived at the station at a quarter-past three, where a suite of ten rooms had been appropriated to the accommodation of herself and suite. The Queen, the two princesses, and Prince Christian lunched in one department; and in another, and larger one, refreshments were partaken of by Lord Derby, the Bishop of Lichfield, Sir Robert Peel, Lord A. Paget, and the ladies of the Court. Immediately after luncheon the royal party resumed their places in the train, and departed amid the most marked demonstrations of loyal regard from the thousands of persons who had been admitted to the spacious platform.

After her Majesty's departure the mayor entertained a large party in the Agricultural Hall. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday an inquest was held at the Old England Tavern, Paddington, on Francis Edward Barton, law student, aged twenty-three, who shot himself with a pistol at No. 3, Chichester-villas. The deceased was preparing for examination as a solicitor. He was a quiet, studious young man, and spent all his time over his law books, but seemed to be very fearful lest he should not be able to pass his examination. He was a great smoker, but never drank more than half a pint of beer in the day. He shot himself by placing the pistol in his mouth, and the ball passed through the brain. Verdict, "That the deceased destroyed himself while in an unsound state of mind."

On Saturday an inquest was held at Dalston on Martha Robinson, aged twenty-four, who dropped down on the platform at the Dalston Station. It is supposed that she had died from excitement, produced by anxiety to catch the train. She had been in bad health, and was very excitable. The immediate cause of death was syncope. Verdict, "Death from syncope, from natural causes, and the excitement consequent upon railway travelling."

On Saturday an inquest was held at Tranmere, Chester, on the body of Mrs. Stoker, a widow, thirty-five years of age. A man named McCronnick, a boiler-maker of Birkenhead, had been paying his addresses to the deceased, who was a servant. She seemed very much attached to him, and when she discovered that he was a married man with three children she exhibited signs of great mental trouble. On Thursday night week she was missed by her friends, and on the following morning her body was found in the water between Tranmere and Rock Ferry. There was no doubt that she had committed suicide, and the jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

The *Press* of Vienna states that the rats in the sewers of that city have been so effectually destroyed by means of green vitriol, or sulphate of iron, that Professor Hyrtl, requiring some of those animals for experiments, was scarcely able to obtain them at any price.

SOUTHERN ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The news is almost certain of the marriage of the Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, with the Princess della Cisterna. This lady is the daughter of the prince of that name, who, being a decided liberal, took part in the Italian rising of 1821, and on his return from his exile in Belgium, where he had married a lady of the house of Mer-de, he was reinstated by King Charles Albert in the possession of his estates, which had been placed under sequestration. The only surviving child, the Princess Maria, is the heiress of the two fortunes, paternal and maternal, consisting principally of vast estates on the coasts of Vercelli. This young Princess unites the most desirable qualities to her great fortune. She is now eighteen years of age, has been most carefully educated, she speaks several languages well, and above and before all, she is as good as she is beautiful.—*Frederick Taylor*

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The suit of the King of Prussia against the *Mémoires Diplomatiques*, for defamation, came before the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. M. Lachand appeared for his Majesty, and M. Dufour for the defendants—M. Olivry, responsible editor of the journal; M. Bouter, secretary; and M. Dubuisson, printer. The gravamen of the charge, which was that of insulting a foreign Sovereign, was contained in the following passage:—

"Facts, of which we guarantee the exactitude, are in our possession. Prince Lobkowitz possesses on his estate in Bohemia some merinoes of pure blood, which from their rarity are at present beyond all price; the King of Prussia was so struck by their beauty that he has confiscated them for his own sheep walks, without offering the slightest indemnity to their legitimate proprietor."

The Court held that the statement was false and malicious, and sentenced Olivry to one month's imprisonment and a fine of 100*fr.* (4*l.*), Bouter to a similar punishment, and Dubuisson to 100*fr.* fine only, and further condemned them to pay the costs.

As to the much-talked-of visit of the Empress to Rome, it is well known that her Majesty still clings to the hope of being allowed to carry out her cherished scheme. From Rome the Empress has received the most pressing invitation, but several personages of high political importance have expressed it to be their deliberate opinion that her presence there at the present crisis would but add to the embarrassments consequent on the actual state of affairs. One of the ministers has endeavoured to convince her Majesty that by raising the hopes of the ultra-clerical party by her presence, she will only influence reactionary and revolutionary spirit.

Our Court.

The Queen, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine service in the private chapel, Windsor, on Sunday morning.

The Rev. E. M. Goulburn, chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, officiated.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland arrived at the Castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the royal family.

Her Majesty the Queen and the royal family will pay a mournful visit to the Prince Consort's mausoleum, in Frogmore-park, on the 14th inst., being the fifth anniversary of the death of that great and good Prince. On the following Thursday the Queen and royal family will take their departure for Osborne, where they will reside until February next.—*Court Journal*.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian will accompany her Majesty to Osborne, and return to Frogmore Lodge in January next, where they will take up their abode until the return of her Majesty to Windsor Castle.—*Court Journal*.

Saturday being the twenty-second anniversary of the birthday of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the happy circumstance was celebrated with such festivities at Sandringham as had been determined upon, though not to such an extent as usual, owing to the non-return of the Prince of Wales from Russia. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince de Teck, in attendance on the former being Lieutenant Haig, arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Princess of Wales, and to take a part in the festivities of the day. Early on Saturday morning the children of the Princess's schools were marched on to the terrace, and under the window of her royal highness's bedroom sang very sweetly an appropriate piece or two. In the afternoon at three o'clock the children belonging to the royal schools at Sandringham, West Newton, Wolferton, and Darringham, to the number of 170, with their schoolmistresses, and accompanied by the Rev. W. Lake Onslow, M.A., Rev. E. B. Scholefield, M.A., and the Rev. W. W. Dickinson, M.A., the rectors of the respective parishes, were marched, by way of the Norwich gates along the lime-tree avenue, past the house to the stables, where the coach-house had been very tastefully decorated with festoons and devices in evergreens and flowers. Across the farther end of this room was the motto, "God bless our Prince and Princess," in illuminated letters, festooned with evergreens. The children were then supplied with a very excellent dinner, the Rev. W. Lake Onslow presiding. The dinner was of the good old English kind, of roast beef and plum-pudding, and each received a plum cake to carry home with them. Whilst the children were partaking of the dinner the party from the house arrived, consisting of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince de Teck, Prince Albert Victor, General Knollys, the Hon. Mrs. F. Stoner, Lieutenant Haig, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Holzmann, Mr. F. Knollys, &c., and remained until the dinner was concluded, after which the rev. chairman proposed "The health of the Princess of Wales," which was received with every mark of respect and enthusiasm by all present, from royalty downwards. The Rev. Mr. Onslow having proposed "The health of the Prince of Wales and Prince Victor," each of which was enthusiastically received, the children of the Sandringham School sang exceedingly well an ode on "The Birthday of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales." The other toasts were "Her Majesty the Queen" and "The Duke of Edinburgh," and they were received with the same enthusiasm as those more intimately connected with the day, after which the royal party returned to the hall.

The next part in the programme was the bonfire on Sandringham Heights, which was the most effective ever seen here. The night was densely dark, and the glare of the fire produced by fourteen waggons loads of faggots, &c., and three barrels of tar, was such as to be visible many miles at sea. On the Lincolnshire coast, on the other side of the Humber Estuary, the light of this huge bonfire could be distinctly seen; whilst from the summit of the Old Greyfriars tower at King's Lynn it was perfectly visible. Round the bonfire the children, and in fact all present, sang lustily "God bless the Prince of Wales," and the day's proceedings were brought to a conclusion with hearty cheers for the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George. In the evening there was a private dinner party at the house, covers being set for fifteen.

GERALDUS CAMBRIGIENSIS informs us, that the monks and prior of St. Swithin threw themselves one day prostrate on the ground, and in the mire, before Henry II., complaining, with tears and much doleful lamentation, that their abbot, the Bishop of Winchester, had cut off three dishes from the table. "How many has he left you?" said the king. "Ten only," replied the disconsolate monks. "I myself," exclaimed the king, "never have more than three, and I quote your bishop to reduce you to the same number."

THE TRADES' REFORM DEMONSTRATION.

THE confident opinion expressed by the leaders of the working men that their means of organizing Monday's demonstration would be found effective and sufficient was amply justified in the result. He would be a bold, not to say a reckless, opponent who should deny the credit of practical sagacity to those who undertook the responsible duties of the day. The pledged detractors and avowed enemies of the reform movement may fall back on the sneer, carefully reserved in case of all others failing, that the immense numbers predicted by some very sanguine friends of that movement were not reached. In truth, if as many as a hundred thousand men had marched six abreast from Marlborough House to Walham-green, the time occupied by the demonstration would have left no remaining space of a winter's day wherein to deliver addresses and to listen to them. But if figures are fallacious, facts are, in this case, indisputable. There was as large an assemblage of real working men as ever filed through the streets of London, with wonderful order, and with an earnest unanimity of peaceful intent. A plan recommended by the marshals of the procession, for the simple purpose of facilitating the entrance to the grounds of Beaufort House, had a more important effect than was designed. We speak here of the rule by which every man's ticket of admission was worn in his hat or cap. The appearance of the white cardboard badge, multiplied by thousands, and moving in order through the crowded streets, struck beholders with a vivid sense of the vastness and regularity of the gathering. If the reader desirous of taking a comprehensive and general view of the scene at starting will ascend in imagination with us to the roof of a club-house at the eastern end of Pall-mall, he will command a panoramic prospect extending over three points of the compass. Southward he sees the gathering in the park, the arrivals in unbroken succession of the trade societies, headed by music and waving flags, and the increasing concourse of spectators round the base of the Duke of York's column. Looking north, he has before him the perspective of Waterloo-place, up which the procession is to march; and long before the hour announced for the start he will have observed that both sides of the way are crowded by expectant lookers-on. The same sight meets his eye when he turns their westward and looks along Pall-mall. The balconies and upper windows are also filled as the time draws nigh. The Athenæum Club manifests considerable interest in what is about to happen, and so of course does the Reform, though our present point of sight does not enable us to get a view of that building. Incidents are not wanting to enliven the dreariness of the time passed in expectancy. The good-natured and popular Conservative nobleman, Lord Ranelagh, who offered the use of Beaufort House and its grounds for the reform meeting, is recognised on the pavement below, laughing at an unwonted exhibition of horse-manship on the part of somebody whose official relation to the League is betokened by a broad, gaily-coloured scarf, worn over his shoulder and across his breast. Police, mounted and on foot, are stationed here and there; but their presence is not so numerous when the procession fairly starts as it had been for the space of an hour or so before.

Mr. Babbage, we remember, on one of those interesting occasions wherein he figured as complainant at a police court, in an organ-grinding case, said, in answer to a magisterial question, that his calculations were of various kinds; and that the result of one of them, perfected that very morning, was the establishment of this curious fact, that the entire population of the United Kingdom might stand upon a single square mile of ground. This seems hardly credible; but perhaps Mr. Babbage packed his hypothetical Great Britons like herrings in a keg; and perhaps also the little Britons, "in arms," were not supposed to stand. We believe that Lord Ranelagh has himself made some calculations regarding the capacity of the shooting-ground of his corps, in the rear of Beaufort House, and that his estimate favours the supposition that 30,000 persons could be comfortably bestowed in that area. Whatever the number of those who joined the procession on Monday, it is certain that nothing like the whole of that number, if indeed a fair half of it, ever stood at one time within the grounds of Beaufort House. This statement is necessary, if but to explain the partially occupied condition of those grounds; although, according to Mr. Babbage's reckoning, as the level space reaches about a quarter of a mile back, and is of considerable width also, no crowd that London could easily afford would suffice to cover the green. Still, so deceptive are appearances, the long procession that took an hour and a half to wind round the corner of Pall-mall into Waterloo-place seemed as if it must prove twice as large a concourse, massed together, as the grounds at Fulham could possibly contain. An earnest of success in the carrying out of the day's plan was given by the punctuality of the start. As the hour of noon was sounding from the steeples in the neighbourhood, the distant hum and the stir along Pall-mall told that the head of the procession was making way from the Park. The indescribable sound of a multitude of human voices now mingles with the music of the foremost band—there are a great many bands, by the by—the tune being, "See the conquering hero come." The first visible sign of the procession is the advanced guard of the farriers, mounted on horses, five abreast. The banners of this trade society make a handsome show, as indeed do the horses which follow, and which are as well ridden and as well kept in hand as if the men in the saddles had been life Guards. A close carriage with a banner of blue silk, and fourteen similar vehicles with white scout-horn-shaped banners, bearing the styles and titles of trade associations, follow next; and then there is more music, duly accompanied by more banners, after which, headed by a large yellow banner, with the inscription, in letters of gold, "London Working Men's Association to procure the political enfranchisement and promote the social and general interest of the industrial classes," come, in excellent order, the working men themselves, marching six abreast, and all with the white spots on their hats, marking them out long before their figures or faces are distinctly visible. Those white spots come slowly and regularly pouring down Pall-mall, like a mathematical snow-storm. And now it is that the full merit of the system of organisation is strikingly apparent, and becomes, indeed, the theme of admiring comment among military men. The column comes on steadily, and with unvarying pace, except when it halts to salute the members of the Reform Club with hearty cheers. Its line of march is kept as much by the tacit understanding and agreement of the bystanders, perhaps, as by the efforts of the marshals, though they perform their office to perfection in regulating the movement of the men under their control. The contrast of motion with the stillness of the crowd on either side is an effect aided by the cardboard tickets, or white spots, as we shall continue to call them, still bearing in mind their resemblance to flakes of snow on a black background. The crowd itself forms a sort of bank or wall, with a clear space not only before it, for the procession to pass along, but behind for carriages going in another direction. One of these is a close-hung carriage, in which a member of the royal family is proceeding.

an unobserved observer, on his way to Marlborough House. The crowd, had it been drilled by a stage-manager or ballet-master, could not have kept its position with more exact formality. It stood, like a clipped yew-hedge, never straggling out of the place assigned it. The clean-swept pavement of Pall-mall—a favoured thoroughfare, inasmuch as London is generally, though the best-paved, assuredly one of the worst-scavenged cities in the world—is left as bare in places as a tundra. Over the black, glistening stones, the marshals direct their white-speckled column, bending it with as little fuss or difficulty as if it were a bar of malleable metal. As the procession advances the intervals between the bands of music appear to be lessened, so that the mixture of the "Marseillaise," "Johnny comes marching home," and other spirit-stirring airs, becomes inexpressibly bewildering.

Descending now from the roof of the club-house—whereon the politico-economist, standing to leeward of the smoke, may have conceived the notion that a tax on chimney-pots would produce a splendid revenue—we can easily make our way by different routes to Fulham, heading the procession at different points here and there. An incident which occurred at Beaufort House, soon after the last part of the procession arrived there, deserves mentioning. A pickpocket, of the "rough" rather than the ready type of expert swell-mobmen, was taken "hand-ferand," as the old law-phrase described the business. He was dragged by his tassel of a collar into the *salle d'armes*, and stoutly held by a young labouring man, who, seeing his father robbed of his watch, had gone to the assistance of the old man, and had lost his own watch too. The rough in custody, together with a good many more roughs not in custody, had maltreated the elder workman, kicking him, when he was on the ground, and biting his hand when he attempted to seize his chief aggressor. When, by courage and determination, the thief had been haled into the large hall or theatre above mentioned, a complete realization of Mr. John Tenniel's cartoon in "Punch" was afforded; the pitiful scoundrel wriggling in the grasp of an indignant working man, exactly as in the picture. The anger of the losers by the act of theft seemed positively to be caused more by the disgrace brought upon their meeting than by their individual losses. "We'll teach you to come among honest men, you blackguard," was the tone in which the spoiled made known their sentiments to the spoiler.

PROCEEDINGS AT BEAUFORT HOUSE.

The approach to Beaufort House from the Fulham-road is abrupt; a single gate of no great dimensions placed parallel with one angle of the building so called, and abutting direct on the street, which at that point is decidedly narrow. A very small collection of persons in front of the entrance at half-past eleven o'clock seemed to block it up, and to incommode the privileged few who were dropping in at that hour. Beaufort House is not, as may be supposed, the residence of Lord Ranelagh, standing in its own parklike grounds, but it is simply the shooting head-quarters of the South Middlesex Volunteers; the building is the cartoon of the corps; it is fitted up with a stage on which amateur performances are sometimes given; and the grounds consist of an oblong piece of grass land enclosed, with the shooting butts at the east end. The area is 440 yards long and 140 wide, and according to a calculation which had been made, given four men to a square yard, it would hold, with packing, 100,000 persons. It certainly did not at a common glance present such a capability, and in the events which happened that calculation was not by any means tested. At an early hour the ground was occupied by several mounted marshals, and certain members of the committee of the demonstration were present. Some preparations had been made in the way of platforms, six rather small and anything but commodious structures under that name having been erected at stated points on the ground. Up to half-past twelve o'clock appearances were very sparsely put in, and an hour later the grass was just dotted here and there with small groups, lounging about, and paying their devotions from time to time to certain barrels which were placed within enclosures, with convenience for service to the thirsty. At two o'clock the gate was in request, but was not by any means besieged. Shortly afterwards the roar of a multitude and the faint sounds of bands in the distance announced the approach of the procession. In a little time the mounted marshals drew up near the gate, and a banner was seen to be struggling, preceding it were a few of the farriers on horseback, and behind it came a moderate body of processionists, who made their way to No. 1 platform and drew up. This proved to be a very advanced guard, for no main body followed it during a long interval. But anon a compact group was seen making for the place of honour, which was greeted with cheers as it passed along, and this proved to be Mr. Beales, attended by Colonel Dickson, Mr. Dresser Rogers, Mr. Odger, and several members of the Reform League, who had outstripped the procession, and now proceeded to occupy the platform. A tolerably solid mass of spectators gathered here, but still the ground could hardly be said to be occupied; and still the procession lingered somewhere. Then came rumours of a row at the gate, and statements of all kinds of difficulties in getting through it in marching order, and opinions as to the impossibility of the intended culmination of the demonstration by a mass meeting were in free circulation. By-and-bye, the impatience of the crowd, which began to be manifested, was allayed by the advent of another banner which came staggering along, and was followed by a section of the procession proper at last. After that the influx of banners, standards, and processionists became pretty steady, and one banner, on which was inscribed "Residential and Registered Manhood Suffrage and the Ballot," was received with a tumultuous ovation. Hitherto the procession had rather strayed than marched into the ground, but now a body entered in compact order, keeping step to their band, and then the "batters" passed on, and took ground to the right of the chief platform in good style. Thenceforward the different sections showed better, holding their ranks steadily together. The anxious spectators around the platform, who had been enduring as best they might the pitiless pelting of a shower of rain, now began to cry aloud for something from the orators present, and Mr. Beales was earnestly demanded. He replied that Mr. Potter, who was the chairman, had not arrived, and he could not interfere with the arrangements; but he hinted that if things went as slowly as they were going on he should not be disinclined to comply with the wishes of the audience about standing knee-deep in the mud and getting decidedly wet. He also pointed out that such things as the appearance they made were worth a thousand speeches. The procession still flowed slowly in. Amongst the banners noticed with acclamation was one with an inscription, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," and this was the motto of the stonemasons. Presently, however, came a long interval, doubtless owing to the choking passage of the gate, and the audience once more manifested impatience for an address from Mr. Beales, urging, with as much plausibility as they could put into their voices, that "it was getting dark."

Just then another rumour passed round of a fearful struggle at

the entrance, and a statement that the tail of the procession was still in the Park. On this the cries for something to go on with were renewed, but still Mr. Beales protested gently against interfering with the order of proceeding. At length, however, he yielded, and proceeded, after a round of applause, to say he did not like to keep them waiting any longer, although he was very unwilling to interrupt the order of the proceedings as arranged. He was not surprised that they should be impatient. They would excuse him keeping on his hat. ("Yes," and cheers.) This demonstration was worthy of, and honourable to, the working men of London. (Cheers.) It was a continuance of the national protest and remonstrance against the libellous charges of indifference on the part of the working classes to the possession of the franchise. (Cheers.) He should not value this national movement and demonstration if it were not in favour of manhood suffrage protected by the ballot. (Cheers.) That was the only franchise commensurate with the rights of the people. (Hear, hear.) This national movement commenced in July last in Trafalgar-square, and at the meeting in Hyde Park. It had been spreading since then in intensity and in enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land—(cheers)—throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. He congratulated them upon the continuance of that great national protest and movement. It was one which no Government could safely or wisely resist or gainay. At all the meetings and demonstrations which he had attended—and they had been very numerous and in all parts of the country, many of them being even more largely attended than the present—the greatest satisfaction was expressed that since July the men of London had been in their right place (cheers)—in the place they had never been before—in front of the moral and constitutional battle of the people. (Cheers.) He congratulated them upon this being a further demonstration in the great political campaign. The metropolitan police were a most worthy and most useful body of men when they were properly employed (cheers), and in the discharge of their right duties; but, on the other hand, they were a very dangerous, a very mischievous, and a very objectionable body when they were employed in an unconstitutional manner. (Cheers.) He congratulated them upon the fact that to-day the metropolitan police had been worthily assisting instead of obstructing the peaceful, orderly demonstration of the people. (Cheers.) It was a demonstration which, by its great respect for law and order, by its totally abstaining from force in the shape of riot, disturbance, tumult, or violence, was honourable to the men of London. It proved their fitness for the franchise. But here he stopped in his congratulations. He did not—he could not—congratulate them upon their place of meeting. (Cheers, and cries of "It ought to have been in Hyde Park!") To him it was a painful contrast to the other meetings, which he had attended. To him it seemed little less than an insult (cheers) to the inhabitants of the metropolis, that they were excluded from the parks—(cheers)—which were supported and maintained at the public expense. He did not like it that they should be driven to depend upon the favour of any individual proprietor, whoever he might be, for a place to assemble in for the discussion of their wrongs or to claim their political rights. (Cheers.) Hyde Park was a much more suitable and convenient place—(renewed cheers)—for them to meet in than this ground. (Cries of "We will have Hyde Park.") It was mere caprice that excluded them from it and compelled them, or a great portion of them, to come miles from their homes for the purpose of holding this meeting. ("That's true.") It was the same system, the same class of feeling, that excluded them so unjustly and so unconstitutionally from the franchise. (Loud cheers.) He exhorted them to go on as they had begun—"We will"—in the same peaceable, orderly, constitutional way, insisting upon their just rights until they obtained them, until the portals of the constitution were thrown open widely and freely to all who were entitled to enter in thereat. (Cheers.) His advice was, go on; don't allow yourselves to be tampered with. If you working men are just to your brother working men, you can claim nothing short of manhood suffrage. He advised them to hold to that which had been the declaration at meeting after meeting, of demonstration after demonstration, throughout the length and breadth of the land. He stood there as the representative of millions of their fellow-countrymen who claimed the franchise, and unless they bid him do it, he would never lower the flag. (Cheers.) Again he said, don't be led away; go on orderly, but firmly, insisting upon your rights, and when you have got them, show by your exercise of them that you are fully entitled to them and deserving of them. (Loud cheers.)

Some one in the crowd cried out, "Those in favour of meeting in Hyde-park hold up your hands." All present at once did so. Considering that, notwithstanding his possession of vocal powers of no small extent, Mr. Beales could have been heard by but a very few of the persons who stood around the platform, the effect was most satisfactory; for the audience were kept in capital humour, and this notwithstanding he spoke entirely for the Reform League and from their point of view, and his words were not directed solely to the demonstration of the day. All this time the sections were marching in, and were received with applause.

Mr. POTTER proceeded to deliver what should have been the inaugural address. He said that as several had already spoken, it would be understood that Mr. Leicester moved the first resolution, that Col. Dickson would second it, and that Mr. Beales and Mr. E. O. Greening would support it. The first resolution was:—"That this meeting enters its solemn protest against, and its denial of, the charges of venality, ignorance, drunkenness, and indifference to reform, brought against the working classes during the last session of parliament; and hereby declares that no Reform Bill falling short of the principles of registered residential manhood suffrage and the ballot will be satisfactory to the people, or accepted as a final settlement of the reform question." This proposition for the conduct of the business having been consented to, Mr. Potter continued to remark that part of the procession was yet in Piccadilly. (A laugh and cheers.) They were moving towards the grounds in large masses, and the place would not hold the large numbers that had yet to come. (Cries of "Hyde-park will.") As working men they had much to be proud of with regard to the day's proceedings. He did not think that the Government would want to trouble them much longer; but if this was not enough for them, they should have something that was. (Cheers, and cries of "Hear, hear.") The Government liked to give them a good deal of trouble, and they did not mind a little; but the Government must learn this, that the working men of London were not going to lose a day's wages and be put to an expense for such a demonstration as this every day for nothing. (Great cheering.) From this Lord Derby and the Tory Government must make up their minds to give them what they wanted. (Renewed cheers.) That was, a vote for every honest working man—(cheers)—and that whether he lived in a house or part of a house, and because he contributed to the wealth of the nation.

(Hear, hear.) It was the working classes who made England what she was—great and influential; it was the working men who had won for her her present prosperity. (Cheers.) Well, the working men had now taken the thing into their own hands, and he could assure them and all else that they meant to have it. (Much cheering.) The people had never yet taken a cause into their hands but they had completed it. Although the reform question had been many years on hand they were now coming to the end of it, and this was the beginning of the end. (Cheers.) There was every prospect of a great and comprehensive Bill being adopted, and that very speedily. (Cheers.) He could say that when he left the park, about half-past one o'clock, he saw such a procession he did not think had ever been witnessed before. (Cheers.) He thought they had given the opponents of reform such a lesson as they would not easily forget. Was it not a convincing proof of the feeling and determination of the working classes that they should have sacrificed a day's wages and have gone to all this trouble, and have walked all these weary miles? (Cheers.) This showed that the time had come when they had resolved that they would be free men, and that they would no longer be political serfs. (Cheers.) He would now take the sense of the meeting upon the first resolution.

It was carried with acclamation. Mr. BUSTOW, a stonemason, proposed the second resolution:—"That this meeting desires to acknowledge the services of the Right Hon. W. F. Gladstone, Mr. John Bright, Mr. John Stuart Mill, and all those who have supported the people's claim and vindicated their character in parliament; and further expresses its confidence in Mr. John Bright as the champion of the national cause in the House of Commons."

Towards the latter part of the speechmaking, the crowd began perceptibly to melt away. At half-past four, when daylight was just on the wane, the whole area may be said to have been cleared. There was no necessity to bring the magnesium light into play, and all the prophecies which have been prevalent of crushing, disorder, accidents, and death, when the multitude was breaking up after dark, were set at naught. The vicinity of the West Brompton Railway proved a convenience, for an immense number of persons availed themselves of it to make their way to the Kensington Station, whence the various metropolitan lines diverge. The carriages were taken by storm, and accommodation for six was made to serve for sixteen, the guards' boxes were invaded, and there was something said about an irruption on to the engine-tender. At Kensington Station there was a change of carriages, and a rush and scramble for places suggestive of a return from Epsom. Along the Brompton-road and Piccadilly the components of the procession, now mostly broken into twos, threes, and units, quietly and orderly paced homewards. Now and then a section preserved its ranks, carried its banners, and was headed by its band, but this was the exception rather than the rule; and the prevailing appearance of things was steadiness and decorum—so much so that it seemed only as if the passenger traffic of Cheapside had for once been transferred to the West-end thoroughfares.

General News.

THE number of passengers conveyed between London and Paris by the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover Companies alone, is said to be not less than 300,000 in an ordinary year.

A BERLIN correspondent writes:—"Two years ago a society was established in Berlin, the members of which agreed to preserve all the points of their cigars, instead of biting them off and throwing them away. These ends are collected, and then sold in large quantities, either for the manufacture of snuff or for smoking in pipes. The sum thus raised is applied to the maintenance and education of orphans, and some idea of the extent of the society, and the intensity of its affection for the weed, may be gained from the fact that the cigar ends of two years' saving have brought in a sufficient sum for the maintenance of twenty-two children. Such a society might be established in London to support an hospital for persons suffering from the deleterious effects of excessive smoking."

THE daily consumption of oysters in Paris amounts to upwards of three quarters of a million (which reach the capital in something like 6,000 baskets, each of which contains a gross), and furnishes altogether on an average half an oyster per head of the population. The number of snails, "now so favourite an edible with the Parisian gourmards," says *Galignani*, "as to have thrown the frog, the national delicacy par excellence, completely into the shade, brought daily to the Paris market is not so easily ascertained; all one knows is that from Burgundy and Champagne, the great snail-producing districts, upwards of 100,000 are despatched to Paris every day."

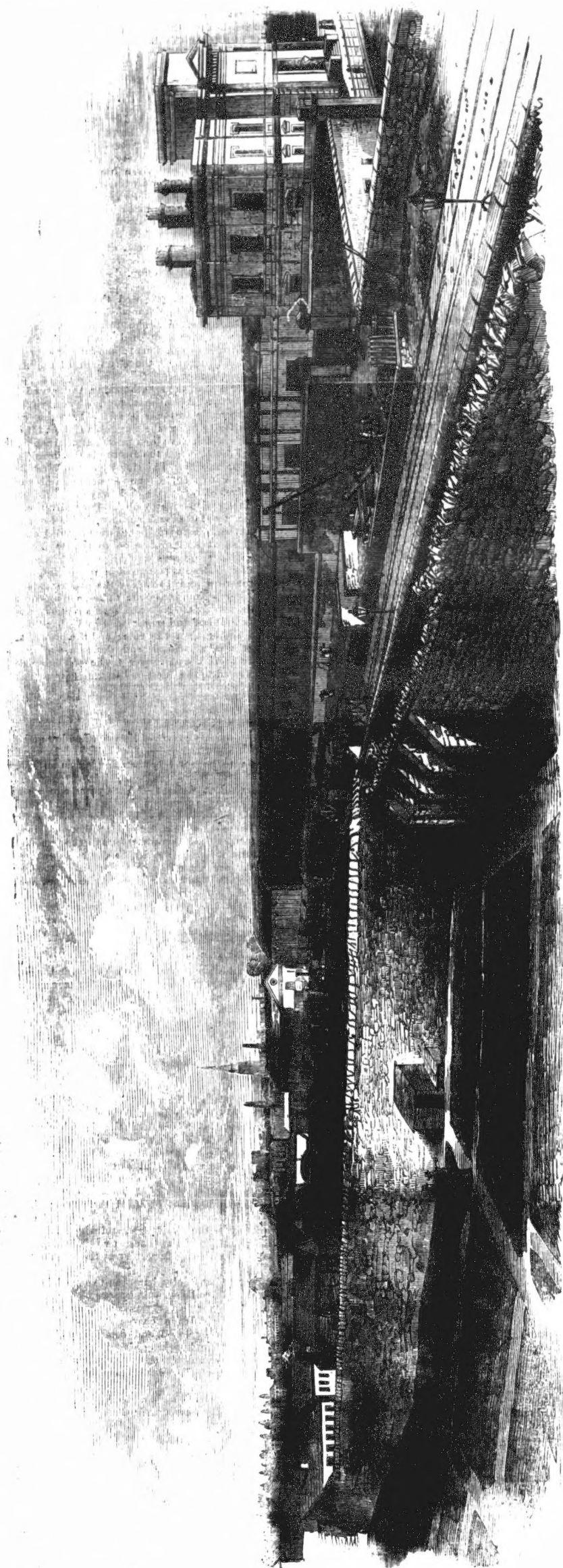
THE King of the Belgians has consented to be godfather to the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Bury.

THE death of a remarkable rabbi of the Jewish church in Germany is announced. M. Frank was a native of Wilna, born in the year 1758, so that he had attained his 108th year. At that advanced period of life he was without any of the infirmities of old age; his hearing was perfect, he read without spectacles, and took long walks up to the last week of his life. He was a Hebrew scholar of some note, but has not obtained the same reputation that his brother rabbi, Zachariah Frankel, has enjoyed for his many learned works upon the Scriptures, and who still fills the post of Grand Rabbi of Dresden. These two individuals have been looked upon by the Jewish fraternity as the most orthodox of Israelites.

A SAD accident occurred at Wolverhampton to one of the workmen employed in firing a royal salute in honour of her Majesty's visit to that town. The poor fellow was acting as gunner, and was in the act of ramming down a charge of powder into the cannon when the powder exploded, and completely blew off his right hand, at the same time knocking him down. He immediately jumped up again, and was about to proceed with his work when he discovered his loss. He was taken to the hospital. This is the only serious accident that has been reported as consequent upon the celebration of the royal visit.

A LETTER from Zug to the *Lausanne Gazette* says:—"The village of Walchwil was the theatre of a very sad event last week. A runaway horse dashed, with a carriage containing five persons, into the lake, in the middle of the day. A charming young lady, Rose Hurtmann, and her nephew, a child of three years old, sank with the horse and carriage, but the other three persons were saved."

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* states that a committee has been appointed for the purpose of considering the application for martial law under certain circumstances, and to define the duties of the civil and military authorities where disturbances may arise. The committee consists of Sir Edward Lugard, Lord William Paulet, Sir Henry Stokes, Mr. Elliot, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and Mr. Vernon Lushington, Deputy Judge-Advocate-General.



FENIANISM IN IRELAND.—BROADSTONE RAILWAY STATION, DUBLIN.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.
APPREHENSION OF HEAD-CENTRE STEPHENS' SECRETARY.
 THE Government has for a considerable time past been in possession of information with regard to some of the leading Fenians, and what were regarded by them as the proper steps to be taken under the circumstances have been adopted. Detectives in the employ of the Irish authorities have been looking about London, and on Saturday an important capture was made in the Strand. About half-past one o'clock Head-constable Meagher, of the Irish constabulary, was patrolling the Strand in company of Inspector Williamson, of Scotland-yard, when, on passing Savoy-street, they saw the secretary of the head-centre of the Irish rebellion, Stephen J. Meany, and immediately took him into custody under a warrant issued for his apprehension by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The warrant charges him with the crime of treason, in having conspired, with divers other persons, to levy war against her Majesty the Queen. He was at once conveyed to Bow-street Police-station and locked up. Sir Thomas Henry, the chief magistrate, was communicated with, and, having consulted the Act of Parliament bearing on the subject, arrived at the opinion that there was no necessity to bring the prisoner before an English magistrate, but that the Irish officer, armed with the warrant, could at once convey him to Dublin. In the evening Head-constable Meagher removed the prisoner in a cab from Bow-street to the North-Western station at Euston-square, en route for Holyhead and Dublin.
Standard's News of Saturday says:—"Three Fenian arrests were made on Friday in Dublin, one being apparently of some importance. Some additional arrests are reported from Cork and Limerick, but, with these exceptions, there are no items of Fenian intelligence to-day. The alarm on the subject seems to have somewhat subsided, owing, no doubt, to the very ample precautionary measures which have been taken by the authorities. The Cork journals announce that on Monday next a meeting of the deputy-lieutenants and magistrates of the county will be held on the summons of Lord Fermoy, lieutenant of the county, for the purpose of considering what steps should be

taken for the preservation of the peace in Cork. It will be remembered that a similar meeting was held in Cork last autumn, which was also convened by Lord Fermoy, and that it was then that the first authoritative declaration of the existence of an organised treasonable conspiracy was made. That meeting was quickly followed by the suppression of the *Irish People*, and the arrest of the principal members of its staff. We hope the present meeting will be followed by loyal demonstrations in our chief cities." At Cork, on Saturday, a considerable number of Irish Americans were landing, and scattering through the country. The military and the police forces are receiving augmentation. Further arrests have been made in adjoining counties. Limerick is proclaimed. 14,000 percussion caps have been seized on Dundalk quays, brought by a steamer in a box from Liverpool, labelled 'hardware.' Fresh arrests have also been made in Dublin and Limerick. On this page, and page 406, we give three Irish sketches. One of them, the Broadstone Railway Terminus at Dublin, has been repeatedly mentioned in connection with Fenianism. The "Reminiscence of the Past" will doubtless remind many of the Fenian leaders of what is in store for them, in the shape of imprisonment; but most assuredly they will never receive such an honoured visitor as Mr. Smith O'Brien did.

REWARD FOR THE APPREHENSION OF HEAD CENTRE STEPHENS.

THE announcement of the departure of James Stephens, the Fenian Head Centre, from America, and of his intended return to Ireland, has been met on the part of the Government by an offer of the large reward of £2,000 for his apprehension—that is, £1,000 for such information as will lead to his apprehension, and a further £1,000 to any one who may arrest Stephens. He is described as about forty-two years of age, 5ft. 7in. high, stout, with broad high shoulders, fair hair, bald all round the top of the head, wears all his beard, which is sandy, slightly tinged with grey, and long under chin; broad forehead, tender eyes, and has a peculiar habit of closing the left eye when speaking; high cheek bones, rather good countenance, and his hands and feet are remarkably small and well-formed.



AN IRISH SKETCH.—A DISH OF POTATOES.



PRESIDENT JUAREZ AND HIS SUITE. (See page 407.)



A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.—"THE LIBERATOR" VISITING SMITH O'BRIEN IN PRISON (See page 404.)

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and Bow Bells sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 31, Strand.

* * Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarly, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

A SECRETARY.—You should procure a work entitled "The Statutes relating to Friendly, Industrial, and Provident Societies," with an introduction and copious notes, by Arthur Lamb, barrister, published by Hardwicke, No. 192, Piccadilly, price 1s., or 1s. 2d. post free. It is a most useful book for all persons who are in any way connected with benefit societies, and no secretary or other officer belonging to any such society should be without it.

S. M.—Several persons of the name you mention have been advertised for in reference to unclaimed property, next of kin, &c. Your best plan is to employ some respectable solicitor in London to make the necessary researches for you. He will soon ascertain whether you have any real claim. If you do not know a London lawyer, we can recommend one.

WORKMAN.—Procure a work entitled "The Law of Combination, Strikes, and Lock-outs," published by Tegg, Paternoster-lane, Cheapside, price 1s. 2d. post free.

N. T.—Persons wishing to be married by a civil ceremony only, must give notice of their intention to the Registrar of Marriages in their district or districts. Three weeks' notice is necessary, to give which the parties call, separately or together, at the office of the registrar, who enters their names in a book. When the time of notice has expired, it is only necessary to give the registrar an intimation on the previous day of your intention to attend at his office on the next day, and complete the registration. The ceremony consists of merely answering a few questions, and making the declaration that you take each other to live as husband and wife. The fee amounts only to a few shillings, and in this form no wedding-ring is required, though it is generally placed on in the presence of the parties assembled. The married couple receive a certificate of marriage, which is in every respect legal.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A. M.	P. M.
8	S	Sun rises, 7h. 54m.; sets, 3h. 59m.	2 40 2 56
9	S	Second Sunday in Advent	3 13 3 28
10	M	Royal Academy founded, 1768	3 45 4 2
11	T	Grouse shooting ends	4 19 4 36
12	W	Sir M. J. Brunel died, 1849	4 53 5 11
13	T	Dr. Johnson died, 1784	5 32 5 53
14	F	Prince Albert died, 1861	6 13 6 36

Moon's changes.—No change this week.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Isa. 5; Acts 9. Isa. 24; James 2.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast, Fast Days, &c.—8th, Conception of the Virgin Mary.—13th, Lucy, Virgin and Martyr (A.D. 305).

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

UNDER all the disadvantages of a miserable day the Trades Unionists have exhibited the earnestness of their desire for reform by an imposing demonstration. Despite the gloomy and threatening appearance of the skies, and of the rain which came down in a few warning showers as a foretaste of what the afternoon and evening were to become, the men who were able to obtain a holiday hurried from the distant quarters of London to St. James's-park. It is unnecessary to say those who composed the procession were not one in a hundred the numbers actually taking part in the demonstration. A vast number of people occupied every available spot to see the procession pass, and those who were provided with tickets endeavoured to accompany them to the ground. It is vain to attempt to give an estimate of numbers when the conditions of the

calculation are so uncertain and varying. Passing the clubs in Pall-mall, the men at times walking slowly and then advancing swiftly almost to a run, took an hour and forty minutes to defile in a column nominally six deep, and wedged up as closely as men could be packed. No doubt we shall have many of our wits making desperate efforts to bring the estimate of numbers down to the lowest possible figure, but we are not much concerned about the exact number of thousands present. The moral of the demonstration lies in this, that many thousands of the *élite* of the working classes quitted their toil, and went through the irksome ordeal of walking in procession through the mud of the London streets on a bleak and wet December day, to try to convince their rulers that the time for pattering with reform has passed. If the rulers are not convinced by what they witnessed on Monday, and by what they read of the countless thousands who filled up the thoroughfare for a space of several miles, becoming at length so dense in the Fulham-road and the approach to Beaufort House that all locomotion was for a time impossible, they must have made up their minds to be convinced by no peaceable demonstration, and to be determined to rule the country upon principles at variance with the constitution.

NEXT year all the world is invited to Paris to assist at one of those assemblings of men and their art products from all parts of the earth, which, when they were instituted by this country in 1851, were regarded as likely to lead to a sort of universal brotherhood amongst nations, and to inaugurate a reign of lasting peace. If the Great Exhibition of that year and those which have followed it have not done what was expected of them in the way of putting an end to international wars, they have at all events introduced a new pleasure, and a very healthy one, into the world, and from all that has transpired with regard to that which the Emperor of the French is preparing for next year, there is every reason to believe that it will be at least worthy of its predecessors; while more enthusiastic partisans go so far as to assert that it will in every respect surpass them. So be it. We can have no objection to progress in a healthy direction, and if Paris in 1867 outstrip what we did in 1862, we dare say when it falls to our lot to give another Great Exhibition, we shall find means to go ahead of her in our turn. In the meantime we heartily wish every success to this great undertaking, and we could heartily wish that all the acts of Louis Napoleon's reign had been so innocent, so useful, and so noble. He may depend upon it that the people of this country will do all honour to his exhibition, and that they will rush to Paris in crowds, in which will be found all who have time and money to devote to so delightful a holiday. Even as it is, Paris is the first point on the Continent for which the English traveller makes when he escapes from work and seeks repose from the toils of the law court or the counting-house in scampering over foreign parts; and we believe it will be found not an exaggerated estimate that the number of passengers conveyed by the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover Companies alone is, in ordinary years, not less than 300,000. From this we may form some idea of the hordes of English who will invade the French capital next year. But connected with this subject there is a reform which a word from the Emperor would effect, and which, though it looks trifling enough, would be of the greatest importance to those English and Americans who will visit the Paris Exhibition of 1867. It is moreover just one of those reforms which the Emperor of the French is fond of making, and for which he has somewhat prepared the way by that admirable stroke of policy by which he suspended the passport system during the period of the Great Paris Exhibition of 1855. That policy he followed up by a permanent abolition of the passport system between this country and France. But in order that all restriction may be removed, and that there may be perfect freedom of communication between the two countries, it is necessary that the system of baggage searching in Paris be done away with, at all events during the Exhibition next year. This is a restriction scarcely more tolerable than the passport system, and we are glad to see that an effort is being made to induce the French Government to dispense with it during the period we have named. Success is probable, because the matter has been taken up by Mr. Watkin, M.P., the chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, who is not one of those persons who suggest improvements and leave to others the task of carrying them out, but who adds to the directing genius of a general the hardihood and toil of the private soldier. The company of which he is chairman have so expedited the journey between London and Paris that it can be accomplished in ten hours; but when it has been accomplished the traveller has to endure a delay of from half an hour or more through the existing system of baggage transit and search. It is easy to perceive how painful a tax this must be on the patience and comfort of the most robust traveller at the end of a ten hours' journey. But what must it be in the case of one who is a bad sailor and has suffered from sea-sickness in crossing the straits? What must it be in the case of one who has left home in pursuit of health, or in that of women, sick or not sick, or in that of persons who do not understand the language of the country in which they have landed? But if in ordinary years it is vexatious, what will it be in a year when the number of visitors will be tenfold?

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience or expense by eating Dr. Barry's delicious health restoring Invalid Food, the Rev. Dr. Barry's Food, which yields three times the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and cures fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures, including that of his Holiness, the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Dr. Barry and Co., 27, Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 1s. 3d.; 4th, 2s. 6d.; 12th, 2s.; 24th, 4s. At all grocers.—(Advertisement.)

SHOCKING MURDER AT ABERDARE.

On Friday night week a shocking murder was committed at Aberdare, one of the principal towns in the coal and iron districts of South Wales. The name of the victim was Thomas Watkins; that of his murderer Benjamin Jones. Watkins was the son of a cattle-dealer living at Aberdare, and he assisted his father in the trade. He was thirty-one years of age, tall, muscular, and strongly built, and held in fear by all the roughs of the place, it being commonly stated that he was a match for half a dozen of them. Jones is a puddler, of middle stature, but thick-set. He is thirty-six years of age, and married. Watkins was also married. The circumstances which led to the dreadful tragedy appear to have been these:—Watkins, as was customary with him, was at the public slaughter-house on the Friday assisting the butchers, and Jones, who was idling, was about the premises all day. Early in the morning it would seem they began to dispute upon matter connected with the slaughtering, and high words were spoken on both sides. Jones, it appears, went so far as to threaten to "do" for Watkins before night while they were at the slaughter-house, but nothing more serious than taunts and threats happened at this place. About nine o'clock in the evening both men, who were somewhat under the influence of liquor, having been drinking during the greater part of the day, went off together to the Market Tavern. They entered this inn together, sat down, and called for two glasses of beer, for which the deceased Watkins paid. In a few minutes Jones, who seemed bent on picking a quarrel, resumed the dispute which had been broken off at the slaughter-house, and, rising from his seat, challenged Watkins to fight. Watkins refused to fight, and Jones then struck him in the face with his fist. Watkins then expressed surprise, and, thinking Jones was merely joking, and not in earnest, simply pushed him back. Jones, however, came on again and struck him another blow, upon which Watkins grasped him, and they had a struggle, but were speedily separated by the landlord. One of the company then called out that Jones had a knife in his hand, and finding it was discovered he closed it and returned it to his pocket immediately. The landlord then ordered him to go out of the house. He replied, in a surly tone, "I will go," and went; but as he went he looked at Watkins and said in Welsh, "I will be into you before I sleep to-night." Soon afterwards Watkins's mother-in-law, hearing of the quarrel, fetched him from the public-house, and they left the place together. Jones, however, had been meditating his plan of revenge, and he awaited them outside the house with a large stone in his hand. When Watkins was about half a dozen yards from the door, Jones ran up to him, and with the stone in his hand struck him one tremendous blow on the side of the head behind the right ear, which felled him dead to the ground. His mother-in-law shrieked in affright, and ran back into the inn, from which people rushed at the same moment to see what had happened. Fortunately, a sergeant of police was close to the spot at the time, and he, without a moment's delay, raised Watkins from the ground, and finding that breathing had stopped, sent for a surgeon, while he was removed to his house. As they entered the house with him a glass of wine was placed to his lips, and he breathed twice and expired. The surgeon arrived directly afterwards, but the moment he saw the face of Watkins he said he was dead. A post mortem examination was made on Saturday morning, and it was then ascertained that the skull was terribly fractured, and that there was sufficient effusion of blood upon the brain to cause instant death. Jones ran from the scene of his crime to his own house, where he was arrested a quarter of an hour afterwards by a policeman, to whom he denied that any stone had been used. On Saturday he was brought before Mr. Fowler, the stipendiary magistrate for the district, at Merthyr Police-court, and after sufficient evidence had been taken to justify a remand, he was remanded. A circumstance, which intensifies the heinous character of the crime, remains to be told. The wife of Watkins was seized with labour on the Friday evening, and within a quarter of an hour of the perpetration of the frightful deed a child was born. At that time the unfortunate mother was unaware of the grievous calamity which had overtaken her.

TREATMENT OF GREEK PRISONERS BY THE PORTE.—In consequence, it is said, of the energetic interference of General Ignatieff, the Russian minister, the three Greek prisoners recently captured in Crete and brought to this capital, will not be shot as was, our information states, first intended by the Porte. It is, however, hardly credible that the authorities can ever have really meditated the execution of any one of the three; as, to say nothing of the certainty of reprisals by the insurgents, public opinion would not, we believe, have approved recourse to such an extremity.—*Levant Herald.*

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.—Andrew Brockmann, one of the victims of the Indian massacre at New Ulm Mountain, in 1863, has arrived at St. Louis. He experienced the tortures of seeing his wife and four children murdered, and was then horribly mutilated, his tongue cut out, hamstring severed, his fingers cut, his hands maimed, his scalp torn reeking from his head, which had previously been perforated with three bullets; but, despite these wounds, the unfortunate man survived, and was carried to Salt Lake City, where he remained in hospital for three years.—*New York Times*, Nov. 20.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, held an inquiry at the Marquis Cornwallis Tavern, Old Ford, relative to the death, from the bite of a mad dog, of Edward Raymond Beasley, aged five years. Mrs. Elizabeth Beasley, Round-tree-cottage, Old Ford, said that on the 2nd of October the deceased was playing in the garden in the rear of the house, when a strange dog came in, and seizing his hand in its mouth, shook it violently. The deceased screamed, and witness ran up just as the dog let go the hand, which bled much. I was a sort of terrier dog, and she did not know where it came from, but there was a large pond in the rear of the garden, and it was no uncommon thing for dogs, when flung into the water, to get out into the garden. The deceased was much frightened, and screamed for an hour. Dr. Davey attended him, and the wound rapidly healed. Nothing seemed to be amiss until the evening of Friday, the 23rd of November, when he became very ill, and foamed at the mouth. He never slept afterwards, and death took place on Monday last. Dr. Mihl Davey said that he was called in to the deceased, and finding his hand lacerated by the teeth of a dog, he cauterized the wound, which soon healed. On the evening of Friday, the 23rd of November, witness was again sent for and found symptoms of hydrophobia setting in. The deceased grew delirious, refused water with horror, was convulsed slightly and foamed at the mouth, but not to any great extent. He appeared to suffer great pain, and was quite unable to sleep. He died from hydrophobia caused by the bite of the dog inflicted some forty days before. The jury returned a verdict "That deceased died from hydrophobia."

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—9 to 2 on the field (off).

THE DERBY.—8 to 1 agst Mr. Pryor's The Rake (t and w); 9 to 1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (t f); 1,000 to 80 agst Mr. Saville's D'Estournel (t); 14 to 1 agst Mr. Chaplin's Hermit (t); 10 to 6 agst Count F. de Lagrange's The Dragon (t); 1,000 to 40 agst Mr. Eastwood's Master Butterfly (t); 30 to 1 agst Sir Joseph Hawley's The Palmer (t and w); 1,000 to 30 agst Lord Burleigh's Grand Cross (t); 10,000 to 100 agst Mr. Fleming's Van Amburgh (t).

DARING ESCAPE OF A DESERTER.

ABOUT a fortnight ago a young man, named William Heeley, was brought up at the Dudley Police-court, charged by Detective-sergeant Davis with being a deserter from the 10th Hussars. The prisoner was remanded by the magistrates until he should be conveyed to the depot by the war authorities. On Saturday evening a corporal and private from the above regiment arrived at Dudley, with orders to convey Heeley to Liverpool. These orders were carried out on the following Monday morning, when the trio left the Dudley Railway Station for their destination. They were accompanied by a large mob of people, to whom the deserter was known, in consequence of his occasional visits to Dudley since his desertion, which took place in 1860. On the journey to Liverpool Heeley persuaded the soldiers to partake of a bottle of brandy which he had with him, and thereby avoiding taking any himself. The liquor had evidently been dug for the soldiers' fell asleep in the train. Heeley then, with a success almost incredible, extracted the charges from the carbines, after which he replaced them in the hands of the sleeping men. The right hand being handcuffed to the left hand of the corporal, Heeley took from his pocket a piece of soap, and covering his confined hand with lather, slipped the "dabby." The train arrived in due course at Liverpool, but not until it was dark. The three men alighted, and proceeded towards the dock, Heeley holding the handcuff in his hand. When near the entrance of a dark, narrow street, the deserter quietly wished the soldier "good night," and took to his heels. The corporal who was in charge called upon him to stop, at the same time threatening to shoot him if he did not. Heeley replied, "shoot, if you can," and disappeared from view. Information was given to the police by the soldiers, but no trace was found of the missing man. The stranger part of the story has now to be told. On Wednesday evening Heeley returned to Dudley and visited a public-house in King-street (posting a police-officer at the corner of the street), in order to obtain a sum of money which was owing to him. Having obtained it, he threw down half a sovereign for the persons present to drink his health, and left the house. Up to the present moment the police have no clue to his hiding-place. Sergeant Davis has received a letter, through a second party, in which Heeley presents his compliments to that officer, and expresses a wish that when he is seen again in this neighbourhood he may be caught.—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

KEEPING A FEROCIOUS DOG.—Mrs. Treacher, a widow, who keeps a tobacconist's shop in Kennington-park-road, appeared to answer a summons charging her with keeping a ferocious dog. Mr. Thomas Scott said that on the 25th of last month he was walking in the neighbourhood of Kennington-park with his little boy, nine years of age, when a dog, led by a girl, and which he subsequently found belonged to the defendant, bit his boy severely in the calf of the leg. The girl refused to give him the name of the owner of the dog, and while following her to ascertain to whom it belonged the animal seized another dog in the most savage manner and worried it severely, and while its owner was engaged in separating them the animal bit him severely in the hand. This circumstance added considerably to the alarm which witness had for the safety of his little boy, and he took him to a surgeon and had the injured parts canterized, and for some days the sufferings of the little fellow were very intense. Miss Scott, the daughter of the last witness, corroborated her father's statement. The defendant called the girl who was leading the dog at the time, but her testimony rather confirmed the statement of the complainant. Mr. Elliott told the defendant she had no right to keep a dog of such vicious habits at large and unmuzzled, and convicted her in a penalty of 20s. and the expense of the summons, which was at once paid.

THE QUEEN AND "THE POLAR BEARS."—Sir Edwin Landseer has just had a very high compliment paid to his reputation as an artist by royalty. His celebrated picture of "The Polar Bears" is now in the possession of Mr. P. Coleman, of Stoke Park, near Windsor, who, it is understood, purchased this fine work of art for about £2,500. On Saturday, the Queen having expressed a wish to see the picture, it was removed from the gallery at Stoke, and conveyed carefully to Windsor Castle, whence, after it was inspected by the Queen, it was returned to its owner.

LOSS OF A FISHING BOAT AND THREE MEN IN THE CHANNEL.—The sea being rough in the Channel on Monday afternoon, with a south-west wind, the fishing boats early ran to harbour. Among the latest was the punt Argo, William Smith, owner, which was running in for Folkestone at about a quarter to four when she broached to, and the next sea sunk her. The disaster was witnessed from the shore; and the drowning cries were heard in another small boat near, but that boat was to leeward, and the men in her had as much as they could do to hold their own; they went back, however, over the spot, and saw some of the boat's gear floating, but the men were gone. The Argo was a new boat, only seventeen feet and a half long.

A SMALL WAITER.—A gentleman, with an invalid wife went to one of the prominent London hotels. He ordered breakfast in his sitting-room, and then asked for a small waiter, that breakfast might be carried in to his wife in her bedroom. The servant was absent some time, but at length returned, saying, "There are no small waiters in the house, sir; but they've sent up a chambermaid." Great relief was experienced when it was understood that the waiter wanted was in the form of a chambermaid.

ALLEGED FORGERY BY A SHIPBUILDER.—At Sunderland, within the last few days, an extensive system of forgery has been detected. A man named Wood, shipbuilder, timber merchant, &c., has been circulating bills, purporting to be drawn by the Messrs. Banks, of Selby, and accepted by snook-owners of Hull and other Yorkshire towns. A few days ago it was discovered that the bills were forgeries, and thereupon Wood was apprehended. He has been made bankrupt, and a warrant obtained for his apprehension, but he has so far escaped capture. The amount of forged bills he has circulated, it is believed, will be at least £19,000.—*Leeds Mercury.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BERLIN.

AFTER the marriage festivities at St. Petersburg, the Prince of Wales paid a short visit to Berlin on his return to England. We take, therefore, the opportunity of giving a full-page engraving of the city of Berlin, which will be found on page 408.

Berlin owes much to the taste and munificence of its sovereigns. The quarter called the new town (Neustadt) was built by the great elector, Frederick William (1640—1688), who also planned the Unter den Linden-street, and otherwise greatly enlarged and beautified the city. The succeeding monarchs, especially Frederick I., Frederick the Great, and the late monarch, have added many new streets, squares, and suburbs, and have embellished the city with many splendid buildings and monuments. Among the principal of these is the royal palace, imposing by its vast magnitude. It is sumptuously furnished; and in the Whitehall, recently fitted up at a cost of £120,000, the Prussian parliament held its first meeting in 1847. The Museum, begun in 1823 and finished in 1830, is undoubtedly the finest building in the city. It is in the form of a parallelogram, 280 feet in length by 182 feet in width. It has some noble apartments, and very extensive collections of pictures, vases, statues, coins, &c. Opposite the grand entrance is an immense granite vase or basin, twenty-eight feet in diameter. It was formed out of a huge boulder, or isolated block, found about thirty miles from the city, to which it was conveyed by the Spree. The opera-house, burnt down in 1843, has since been rebuilt, and there are also two fine theatres. The Royal Library is a large, heavy-looking building. The collection of books amounts to about 410,000 printed, and 5,000 MSS. vols., many of the former, including Luther's Hebrew Bible, being both scarce and valuable. This library is entitled to a copy of every work published in the Prussian States. The Arsenal is a square, each side of which is 268 feet in length. It was formerly reckoned the finest building in the city, and contained, previously to the revolutionary disturbances in 1848, a very large stock of all sorts of warlike implements. It was then, however, taken possession of by the mob, who carried off large quantities of the fire-arms and other munitions de guerre with which it was furnished.

Outside the town, about half a mile from the Hallesgate, on a low summit, which, however, is almost the only eminence near Berlin, is the People's Monument, shown in our illustration. It consists of a Gothic edifice, erected by the late king to commemorate the expulsion of the French and the recovery of the national independence. It is of red iron, from the royal foundry, and was designed by Schinkel. The statues in the niches are the work of Rauch and Tieck.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

NOTHING is as yet definitely known as to the rumoured abdication of the Emperor Maximilian. The *Moniteur*, on Monday, published advices from Mexico to the 1st of November only, stating that the Emperor had been at Orizaba since the 27th of October, and that nothing further was known of his movements.

"A rumour," says the *Liberte*, "was prevalent in Paris on Sunday that a transatlantic despatch, containing 2,000 words, had arrived from Mr. General, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the United States, to Mr. Bigelow. We have reason to believe the rumour correct, and that the communication referred to Mexican affairs."

On page 495 we give an engraving of President Juarez and his suite; and doubtless in our next we shall have occasion to report some important matters in connexion with Juarez, as it is impossible that the secret relative to the Emperor can be much longer kept.

GORDON RAMSAY AGAIN.—Quite a scene was created in our office yesterday by the notorious Gordon Ramsay, who, in a state of inebriation, sought to bring us to account for opinions which, from time to time, we have found it necessary to express in reference to his share in "the hellish saturnalia of martial law." He first demanded a copy of the *Journal* of a back date, and was told that there was not one to be had; he thereupon became violent both in manner and speech, and used language both offensive and indecent to Mr. Robert Jordan, who happened to be the party addressed. He was ordered out of the place, but he positively refused to go, and shortly after assaulted Mr. Jordan, who, in return, struck him with a ruler. We are afraid the hero of Morant Bay got the worst of it. With considerable difficulty he was removed to some place in the neighbourhood, whence he was conducted to the railway terminus, and despatched to Spanish Town. He swears to murder some one in our office. It would, perhaps, not be the first murder that he has committed, and it is not improbable that he will be haunted by the blood upon his hands until he does commit himself again, and then meets his just retribution. No wonder he talks lightly of murdering, seeing that he can only count upon a jury with fellow-feeling enough to ensure his acquittal.—*Morning Journal (Kingston, Jamaica), Nov. 10.*

FENIANISM AT WEST HARTLEPOOL.—About midnight on Saturday the police at West Hartlepool were rather startled by the news of an outbreak of Fenianism at Seaton Carew, a small and fashionable watering-place about two miles distant from the town. About fifty Irishmen, who called themselves Fenians, had taken possession of the Seven Stars public-house, and were helping themselves to what was stored in the cellars. They were armed with pikes and other weapons. The village only contained one policeman, and he, being "called out," obtained the assistance of the inhabitants, and went to the scene of the disturbance. A very promiscuous sort of fight took place, the so-called Fenians being so much the worse for drink as to inflict much more damage to members of their own body than to their opponents. When the news reached West Hartlepool, the superintendent, sergeant, and nine officers armed themselves, and were driven with great speed to the village. On their arrival they found that the riot was over, and that the "Fenians" had left, making their way across the sands. The one policeman and his civil assistants had secured three of the pikes, which are rather formidable weapons, being about nine feet long, and having at one end a cast steel spike a foot long, and graduating from an inch square at its thickest portion to a sharp point. The inhabitants of West Hartlepool appear to be in considerable alarm about Fenianism. At least one-third of the whole population is Irish, and there has been a very open expression of sympathy for the fellow-conspirators of Head-Centre Stephens. It is known in the district that within the last few days several Irishmen have thrown up their employments, and left Hartlepool for Ireland, with the avowed object of taking part in the threatened outbreak.

EXCELLENT PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. See trial, Wright and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactured by Isaac.

FIFTY Pianos, from 10s. the Month, for Hire, by Erard, Collard, Broadwood, &c. Several Guitars, &c. Sold, at 4s. Useful pianofortes, from 10s. to 100s. in stock. Harmoniums, Harps, &c. Trade supplied. At 8, E. Ch. Holborn, side door. (Advert.)

THE VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

THE Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, is, beyond all doubt, the greatest engineering work in the whole world. The Menai Bridge is a noble structure, yet only the germ of the great idea here developed to its fullest. Brunel's great bridge at Saltash is remarkable for the wonderful skill with which it overcomes obstacles, which were, in fact, almost created that the engineer might have the pleasure and merit of vanquishing them. Kochling's suspension bridge, over the rapids of Niagara—the most ingenious, and perhaps even the most beautiful bridge of its kind in the world—is only designed for a special and peculiar gorge; and, apart from this, no fair comparison can be drawn between the Niagara and the Victoria, when the former is only 800 feet long, and the latter more than 9,000. To appreciate the Victoria Bridge, to do justice to its grand conception, and what seems the almost superhuman energy and skill necessary to carry out the idea in all its present grand perfection, one must see it. One must not only see it, for a merely indefinite length gives no real idea of the immensity of the undertaking. The visitor should look at the St. Lawrence in winter, when millions of tons of floating ice come crashing down it, and in summer, when even at its lowest ebb the current flows like a slide, at the rate of eight miles an hour. He should remember that the whole of its bed is a mere quicksand, strewn over the bottom with gigantic boulders, weighing twenty-five and thirty tons; that the depth of water is nowhere less than twenty feet, and that the stream at this point is two miles wide. When any one takes the trouble to think quietly over the nature of these obstacles, and then to look up at the lofty pile of iron which stretches high in air from shore to shore, he must be more or less than human if he does not regard it as the grandest and most successful engineering work which the world has yet seen.

Its total length is very nearly two miles; its height from the water little over one hundred feet. It is composed of twenty-five tubes joined in lengths of two tubes, each about two hundred and seventy feet, with a centre one of three hundred and thirty at the highest part above the river. In weight of iron it is very little over a ton per foot in length (the lightest bridge of its kind ever made with the same strength), and the contraction and expansion of the whole make a difference in its length between summer and winter of more than ten feet, which is of course properly allowed for in its construction.

This great work was undertaken by Sir Monro Peto. It was commenced in 1855, and in 1869 the last rivet—silver one—was attached by the Prince of Wales.

DISAPPEARANCE OF AN "ELITE."—Lately from Naples state that the princely family of Angi has definitively lost all hope of finding its heir, a young man of nineteen, who disappeared at Cuscozza, without any news or any trace of him being obtained. The family lately had a glimpse of hope, as he was said to be a prisoner in Hungary; afterwards that he had been carried off by brigands, &c. At last they have had his funeral service celebrated, and gone into mourning. He was one of the finest young men in Naples.

A SIAMSE COLOSSUS.—The *Bangkok Recorder* describes a visit to one of the wats or Buddhist temples of the city, the Wat Pho, which is the largest. It covers ten acres of land paved with grey granite, and presents the difficulties of a labyrinth. It contains two temples of imposing architecture. In one is an image twice the size of life, and covered with heavy gold; in the other, the doors beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The latter contains an image which far exceeds the Colossus of Rhodes in size. He is reclining on the right side, with his head resting on the right hand. He is 135 feet long, about twenty-eight feet around the belt, and the length of the little toe on the right foot is three feet four inches. The natives say his bowels are full of large water jars. The labour of constructing and gilding this image must have been immense, and have taken years to accomplish. The nearest approach to this in Christian churches is in St. Peter's and the Lateran. In the former the figures which support the holy water basins on entering look like infants, but are the size of adults, while the saints towards the roof are in reality three times the size of life.

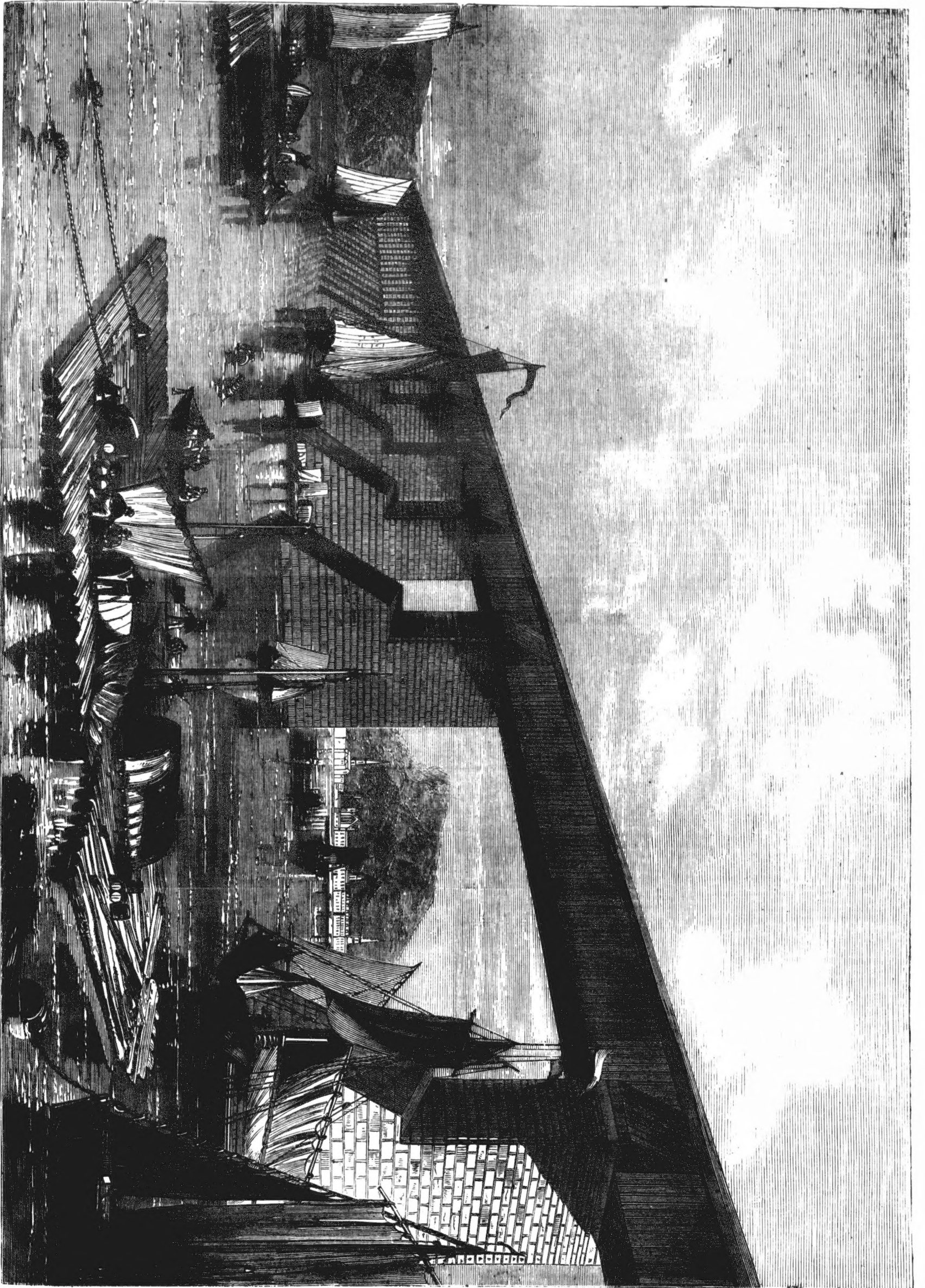
THE NEW BISHOP OF VICTORIA.—The Rev. Charles Richard Alford, M.A., who has been nominated to the bishopric of Victoria, Hong Kong, in the room of the Right Rev. Dr. George Smith, resigned, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1839. In the same year he was admitted into deacon's orders by Dr. Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln, as curate of the parish of Fenkingley, Nottinghamshire. In 1841 he was elected to the incumbency of St. Matthew's Church, Rugby; and in 1846 to the incumbency of Christ Church, Doncaster. For some years subsequently he was principal of the Metropolitan Training College at Ilighbury, and a few months since was appointed to the incumbency of Trinity Church, Islington, which he at present holds. He will be consecrated as soon as the necessary forms can be prepared, and will then proceed to his distant diocese, which has been so long vacant. The bishopric is worth £1,000 a year, from the Colonial Bishopric Fund, and embraces the island of Hong Kong and the congregations of the Church of England in China.

ABSCONDING OF A SUNDERLAND TIMBER MERCHANT.—The most painful rumours have been afloat in commercial circles in Sunderland with reference to extensive forgeries by a Sunderland timber merchant, who has absconded from the town, and been made a bankrupt. The merchant in question is Mr. George Wood, a timber merchant and shipbuilder, who was on Friday declared a bankrupt at Newcastle, and against whom a warrant has been issued for extensive forgeries. Wood, who is respectably connected, and resides in North Bridge-street, Monkwearmouth, had a ship-building yard on the Wear, and as such he was the purchaser of timber. He appears to have put into circulation a number of bills purporting to be drawn upon Mr. Banks, a well-known timber merchant in Selby. These he has paid away to various timber merchants and others in Sunderland, and it has been ascertained that they are forgeries. One firm is said to hold bills to the amount of nearly £5,000, another £1,000, a third £800, while some of Mr. Wood's relatives are reported to be sufferers, and a local bank has been imposed on to a slight extent. No suspicion appears to have been excited, as Mr. Banks is a well-known man, and has been long connected with the timber trade, and as it was known he had transactions with Wood the bills were freely taken. It was not until the early part of the past week that something transpired as to the character of those bills, and the largest holder left Sunderland to ascertain their genuineness. He returned on Friday, having satisfied himself that the paper was forged, and immediately proceedings were taken to declare Wood a bankrupt, possession was taken of his premises, and warrants issued by the magistrates for his apprehension. In the meantime Wood had disappeared from the town, and it is supposed he made off to some of the outports to escape from justice.—*North Daily Express.*



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO BERLIN.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF BERLIN. (See page 407.)

THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE. (See page 407.)



THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE. (See page 402.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE.—Miss Helen Faucit has appeared twice this week in her favourite part of Julia, in "The Hunchback." In this character Miss Helen Faucit first appeared at the old Covent-garden Theatre, and having, since then, constantly played it, both in town and country, she is thoroughly familiar with every point in the fine language given to Julia. As Helen, Mrs. Hermann Veau performed with great vivacity. She received a very strong call after the scene with Master Modus, which was very well played by Mr. F. Barsby. Mr. T. Swinbourne's Master Walter was an artistic piece of acting; and a better Sir Thomas Clifford than Mr. Walter Montgomery it would be surely impossible to find. Mr. C. Harcourt sustained the part of Lord Tinsel, and Mr. McIntyre that of the Earl of Rockdale. Mr. H. Webb played Latham in his quaint and humorous manner. "Faust" and "The Lady of Lyons" have been the other pieces during the week, concluding with "Katherine and Petruchio."

HAYMARKET.—The drama of the "Dangerous Friend" has been withdrawn, and the sparkling comedy, "A Game of Speculation" has been substituted. Mr. Charles Matthews of course assuming his popular part of Mr. Affable Hawk. With no character has the great comedian more closely identified his name, and in no character are the possibilities of his talents better served. Mr. Charles Matthews is well supported by Mr. Donald as Sir Harry Foster, Mr. Childpendale as Bartholomew, Mr. Rogers as Prospero, Mr. Clark as Crossmark, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam as Mrs. Hawk, and Miss Fanny Wright as Julia. The burlesque of "Antony and Cleopatra," in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews appear, is still successfully running.

ADRIAN.—On Monday evening, Miss Boden, a graceful and lady-like actress, made her first appearance here for four or five years, in the musical drama of "The Baronet Abroad," and achieved a decided success. She was well supported by Messrs. Ashby, T. Stuart, C. J. Smith, R. Bomer, and W. H. Bourne. The piece was received with great favour throughout and excited roars of laughter, and a universal salvo of applause followed the descent of the curtain, which rose again and afforded the actors an opportunity of reproducing their final tableau. Messrs. Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubouche's new drama, "A Sister's Revenge," followed.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Robert Edgar's annual benefit took place on Monday evening, when there was a crowded audience. Miss Marriott played the part of Lady Gay Spander, in the comedy of "Jemima Assurance," with immense spirit, and a wonderful contrast to her first character of Anne Carey in "The Royalist's Wife." We need scarcely add that both characters were admirably sustained. The performances terminated with the farce of "Deaf as a Post," in which Mr. Tom Thorne kept the house in a roar as Tristram Shandy. The audience was thoroughly enthusiastic throughout, and the principal performers were heartily recalled, Miss Marriott receiving quite an ovation.

NEW ROYALTY.—The new burlesque of Mr. F. C. Burnand, entitled, "The Latest Edition of Black-eyed Susan; or, the Little Bill that was Taken Up," has been most successfully brought out at this pretty little theatre. Miss M. Oliver looks the most real and charming of Susans. Douglas Jerrold's drama is pretty closely followed by Mr. Burnand. The allegorical introduction, in which Neptune, Wreath, the Atlantic cable of 1865, and Wreath, the Atlantic cable of 1866, take part, is somewhat misty, and its application to the story not easily comprehended. All the rest of the piece may be commended unreservedly. The trial, and the introduction of the Admirals of the Red, Blue, Black, White, and Yellow, is a felicitous thought well brought out. The acting is remarkably good. William is sustained by Miss Rosina Kane with immense spirit, and a show of manliness few women can put on. William's mother, Dame Hatley, is played with infinite humour, by Mr. Danvers; and Mr. F. Dower, in Captain Cross-tree, is as grotesque as the author himself could have desired. The other well-acted parts were—Hatchet, a Deal smuggler, by Mr. Charles Wyndham; Ruler, an ideal smuggler, by Miss Ada Taylor; Dolly Mayflower, by Miss Bromley (who made her first appearance), &c. Some of the songs and choruses are exceedingly amusing, and the music has been very cleverly adapted.

THE ST. JAMES'S HALL CHRISTY MINSTRELS.—Mr. Frederick Burgess, the respected manager of this talented troupe, took his benefit on Monday. "Japanese Tommy," a diminutive comedian, a member of this company when in America, came before the English public for the first time, and created plenty of laughter. The hall was crowded, and the whole entertainment passed off with the utmost spirit. The most interesting event, however, to Mr. Burgess was reserved until after the performance, when the company adjourned to Donald's Saloon, in the Hall, where Mr. G. W. Moore, on behalf of himself and co-partners, presented the *beneficence* with a very costly and handsome silver vase. This unique presentation bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Frederick Burgess, Esq., by Messrs. Moore, Crocker, and Ritter, as a small token of their appreciation of his invaluable services during his management of the Christy Minstrels." Mr. Moore's neat address, on presenting the vase, was highly complimentary to Mr. Burgess, and was listened to with marked attention. We need scarce add that Mr. Burgess made a very grateful speech for the inestimable testimonial to his business qualifications, and of the esteem in which he is held by the company.

THE NEW AMERICAN MINSTRELS.—These delineators of negro life and singers of genuine plantation melodies have arrived in England from New York. They appeared for the first time at the Polygraphic Hall, King William-street, Strand, on Wednesday evening.

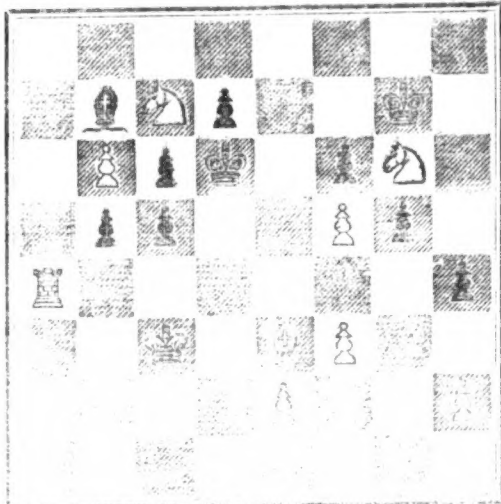
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington, the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley, and Lord Alfred Paget, honoured this theatre with her presence a few evenings since.

MR. FALCONER'S brief career at Her Majesty's Theatre closed suddenly on Friday evening last; for, although announced, there was no performance on Saturday.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—We understand that the admirable performance of the "Yachting Cruise," at the Gallery of Illustration, will be shortly withdrawn, to enable Mr. Germain Reed to substitute Mr. Tom Taylor's romantic entertainment, "The Family Legend." The numerous requests which have been made for this revival, coupled with the fact that a great many persons were unable to see it, owing to the crowded state of the Gallery during the Exhibition year of 1861, will, no doubt, ensure it a brilliant success for a limited number of representations; for we hear that novelty has already been prepared, and will be brought forward at no distant date. Mr. Germain Reed, with his usual liberality, reproduces "The Family Legend" with new scenery and dresses.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 398.—By A. L.—g. Esq.
Black.



White to move, and mate in four moves.

CHESS LESSONS.—No. 4.

THE KNIGHT.

The move of this piece is not so easy of explanation as that of the others. In the first place, it will be best to bear in mind that it can move the Knight plays White to Black, or Black to White. It possesses a privilege peculiar to itself; namely, that of playing over the other pieces, which, in the hands of a skilful player, is very difficult to guard against. This privilege renders the Knight of great use in the beginning of the game. From the attacks of this insidious piece the King must be carefully guarded, as you should bear in mind that your King, unless the attacking piece can be captured, can only relieve himself from the Knight's check by moving. Unless care be observed, the King might be prevented from casting, under circumstances that would inevitably end in the defeat of the party exhibiting want of caution in this respect.

The move of the Knight partakes of the shortest move of the Bishop and the shortest of the Rook (describing, as our geometrical readers would say, an obtuse angle). Thus, if the Knight be placed on the Queen's 5th square, it will be observed that he can command eight squares; namely, Queen's Bishop's 3rd, Queen's Bishop's 7th, Queen's Knight's 4th, Queen's Knight's 6th, King's 3rd, King's 7th, King's Bishop's 4th, and King's Bishop's 6th squares. From a corner square, however, it will be observed that he can command only two squares.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 392.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B to Kt 4 | 1. K to Q 6 (a) |
| 2. Q takes P (ch) | 2. K to B 7 |
| 3. Q to Q square, mate | |

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| (a) | 1. P to K 6 (b) |
| 1. | |
| 2. B to B 5, and mates next move | |

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| (b) | 1. R to Kt 3, or P to Q |
| 1. | Kt 4 |
| 2. Q to Kt 3, and mates next move | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 393.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R takes P (ch) | 1. Q takes R (a) |
| 2. P to Q Kt 8, becoming a Kt (ch) | 2. Q takes Kt |
| 3. Kt to Q B 5, mate | |

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| (a) | 1. B takes R |
| 1. | 2. R covers |
| 2. Q takes P (ch) | |
| 3. Q mates | |

C. D. (Edinburgh).—We beg to thank you for your courteous communication.

G. FORSYTH.—Your suggested alteration, which we consider an improvement, has been submitted to the author.

W. G. (Hall).—If you will favour us with your exact address we shall be happy to comply with your request.

A SWISS BRIGAND.—The trial of a Swiss brigand has just taken place at Bellinzona, one Constantino Giannotti, of Airolo, at the foot of Mount St. Gothard, who, after having led for several years a wandering and marauding life, sometimes on the Swiss and at others on the Italian side of the frontier, escaping repeatedly from the prisons of both countries, had become a desperate *brigand*, and a terror to the peaceable inhabitants of the Valle del Ticino. The jury found the prisoner guilty of highway robbery and murder; and the judges passed sentence of death upon Giannotti, who thanked them with stoical indifference, and was with great difficulty prevailed upon by his advocate to allow a petition to be forwarded in his name to the grand council of the canton imploring a remission of the capital punishment. It may be, indeed, called capital, for it is literally decapitation, and a special field of blood is destined to the purpose on the banks of the river near Pont del Ticino. Such spectacles are, however, quite traditional at Bellinzona, for the oldest inhabitant hardly recollects anything of the kind; and if the sentence were to be carried out, an executioner would have to be procured from Berne. The *brave* headsman still yields, on such occasions, a double-headed sword—very likely one of those that hewed down the Austrians at Morat or Sempach 400 years ago. The criminal sits upright, bound to a wooden chair, and one slashing blow fulfils the wishes of justice as cleanly as a guillotine.

THE ENGLISH EMBASSY IN PARIS.—Lord Cowley, who quite his post at the close of the last year, will most likely be replaced by Sir Henry Bulwer, formerly English ambassador at Constantinople. Sir Henry Bulwer is brother-in-law of Lord Cowley.—*Independent.*

1. Cause gone of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Tons are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper Every Genuine Packet in sign of Horniman and Co., London.—(Advertisement.)

Tale and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
BOW STREET.

A LETTER-CARRIER'S STORE.—Henry Nye, a Post-office letter-carrier and soldier, engaged in the Western District-office, was charged with having in his possession a quantity of property alleged to have been stolen from letters passing into his hands in the course of his duty. Rambold, one of the police-officers attached to the Post-office, stated that, acting upon information he had received, he went to the Western District-office, searched the prisoner, and found upon him a purse containing a £20 note, a £10 note, £8 10s. in gold, four watchcases, a locket containing three small diamonds, a silver watch marked "Louisa from J.," and some other articles. He afterwards searched the prisoner's lodgings, where he found a very peculiar clasp knife with four blades and gold fittings, marked "S. L. S.," a watch, maker's name, "Redwood, Camden-town;" another watch, wanting a face, a gold pencil-case, and several gold stud rings, &c., fifteen unset crystals, and one pound in postage stamps. The prisoner told him that he had bought the various articles, or received them in exchange for other property from several persons, some of whose names he mentioned, but he could not tell him the address. He said that he was a married man, and bought almost anything. He also said that he had been fortunate in his dealings and had made money, and had lately drawn £50 from the bank. Mr. Sampson Lucas Samuels proved that he had been expecting a knife similar to that produced, and marked with his initials, from Sheffield, but had not received it. Mr. Peacock, who appeared for the Post-office, applied for a remand, to produce the sender of the knife from Sheffield, whose complaint of its non-delivery had led to the discovery. Mr. Lewis, of Marlborough-street, who defended, applied for the prisoner's admission to bail; but Mr. Vaughan refused to take bail, and remanded the prisoner in custody.

ROBBERY PILAR LETTER-BOXES.—George Frederick Newman, a small, mean-looking man, peck-marked, and shabbily dressed, was charged with stealing forty-four letters from the pillar letter-box, Pall-mall, near the Army and Navy Club. Mr. Peacock, who appeared to prosecute for the Post-office, observed that this was a case of the greatest importance to the public. There had been numerous complaints of the loss of letters posted at the pillar boxes, and especially at the one in Pall-mall, where the letters of the Army and Navy Club are usually posted. An investigation was instituted, and resulted in the detection of the prisoner in the act of opening the Pall-mall pillar-box with a false key, which was taken from him by the officers, and now produced. Bigham and Smee, the two police-officers attached to the Post-office, were then called to prove these circumstances. About nine o'clock on the previous Friday evening they saw the page-boy from the Army and Navy Club drop a number of letters into the pillar-box. Directly after he had left the prisoner went up, carrying a white pocket handkerchief, which he held up to his mouth. He passed the box backwards and forwards about six or seven times. He then opened the box with a key, placed a bag at the bottom of the pillar, and shot the letters into it and walked away, having first locked the door of the box. There were no less than forty-four letters found on the prisoner. He declined to give his address, and the officers took him into custody. In his pocket there was a small memorandum-book and fivepence in coppers. On the Thursday night the prisoner was observed walking up and down in the immediate vicinity of the Army and Navy Club, looking at the box. Mr. Peacock applied for a remand, and it was granted.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THE ALLEGED THEATRICAL FRAUDS.—Thomas Chetwynd, money-taker at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and James Swift, check-taker, were charged before Mr. Knox with embezzling money belonging to their employer, Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone, the lessee. Chetwynd was further charged with stealing five copper checks. Mr. Charles Wright, the treasurer of the Haymarket, said the prisoners were employed by Mr. Buckstone, Chetwynd as one of the money-takers, and Swift as a check-taker. They had both been engaged at the theatre for some years. About 160 checks were daily issued to Chetwynd, the money-taker at the theatre. Every applicant for a seat, on payment of his money, received one of the metal checks, such as those now produced. From something which transpired his suspicions were aroused, and he marked the metal tickets and gave them to the prisoner Chetwynd. In the regular course of business the checks given by Chetwynd would be handed to Swift, who would place them in the check-box, and the box would be given up to him the same evening. When the box was brought to witness by Swift he discovered six checks in the box without marks. On Saturday, the 29th Nov., Webb, C 112, marked more checks, and he, without giving them to Chetwynd. On examining the box the same evening when brought to him by Swift, he found five checks without any mark on them. He then gave the prisoners into custody. Remanded.

THAMES.

A DANGEROUS DRUNKARD.—Joseph Loveland Crossfield, clerk, aged 35, of No. 5, Providence-place, Nelson-street, Hackney-road, was brought before Mr. Paget charged with being drunk, disorderly, and threatening to "knife" several persons in the Bank of Friendship public-house, Friendly-place, Mile-end-road. The prisoner came into the Bank of Friendship in a state of intoxication, and was very abusive and disorderly. He was twice turned out of the house and the door closed upon him. He came in a third time armed with a knife. He threatened Mrs. Mary Hemingway, the landlady, and the potman of the house, and brandishing the knife, said, "That is what I mean to give you." He made an attempt to stab Mrs. Hemingway, who was in the bar in front of the beer-engine, and the blow would have taken effect if she had not quickly stepped back as he struck at her over the beer-engine. He then said to Mr. Charles Emms, a tradesman, and others in the house, "Come this way and I'll stab you." He was guilty of other disorderly conduct, and when police-constable Lillystone, 307 R, arrived, the knife was taken from him and he was secured. The prisoner said he was drunk when he entered the public house, and he did not intend to do much harm. Mr. Paget, I shall send you for trial. The prisoner: I hope not, sir. Settle it here, if you please. I believe it is a made-up affair. Mr. Paget said there was ample and satisfactory evidence that the prisoner had attempted to stab Mrs. Hemingway, and threatened to "knife" other people in her house, and the case must go before a jury. Committed for trial.

SOUTHWARK.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.—Mary Ann King, a singular-looking woman, was brought before Mr. Woolrych for final examination, charged with stabbing Thomas Moore. The prosecutor, whose right hand was bandaged up, said that he was a labourer, and about six o'clock on the morning of Tuesday week he was passing along St. George's-road, Southwark, on his way to work. He was attracted to a disturbance outside a coffee-stall, and while looking on the prisoner came up to him and said, "What do you want here?" He told her it was no business of hers, when she rushed at him and said, "If you don't go I'll gouge your eye out," at the same time she took an open penknife from under her cloak and made a plunge at his face with it. Witness put up his right hand to protect himself, when he received a severe cut across the thumb. She made another thrust at him and cut him again on the same hand, and, making use of some threatening words, walked away. Witness went in search of a constable, and gave the prisoner into custody. As he was nearly exhausted by loss of blood, the constable assisted him to a doctor's close by, where his wounds were attended to. Police-constable 82 Z. said that he was on duty in the London-road, when the prisoner came up to him and showed him his bleeding hand, and at the same time said that a woman had just stabbed him. He accompanied him to the St. George's-road, when he pointed out the prisoner and gave her into his custody for stabbing him. When told of the charge she did not deny it, but said she had been annoyed by boys who had assaulted her and thrown mud at her, and that she took out the knife to defend herself. She held the knife out and witness took it from her and found blood on the blade. After securing her he assisted the prosecutor to a surgeon's, where his wounds were dressed. Dr. Donohoe, of the Westminster-bridge-road, said that the prosecutor was brought to his surgery, when he found two incised wounds on the right hand, one down the bone, and about half an inch long. At the point they were inflicted with the penknife produced. In answer to Mr. Woolrych, witness said that they were dangerous at first, tetanus or erysipelas was apprehended. Mr. Woolrych committed the prisoner for trial.

HAMMERSMITH.

CHARGE OF FORGERY.—A young man, named Isenben Henry Abrock, who was described as a clerk, was placed in the dock, charged with forging the name of the Rev. Arthur Gore Pemberton, of St. John's Parsonage, Kensal-green, to two bills of exchange. Richard Jordan, a butcher, in Kensal-green, said he knew the prisoner by his having been connected with the cemetery, and also by his calling on him occasionally for small demands for children's treats. On Saturday, the 4th of August last, he came to witness and produced a bill of exchange for £10, which he represented he had received for his quarter's salary, and asked him to cash it. He declined, and told him that he never had anything to do with such things. The prisoner then asked him to advance £5 on the bill until Monday, as he could not go into the City to get cash for it. Witness advanced him the money and took possession of the bill, which was made payable one month after date, and purported to have been accepted by A. G. Pemberton, Parsonage, Kensal-green. Witness did not see the prisoner again until the following Wednesday, when he called and asked to have the other £5 advanced to him, but he refused to let him have the money. He then went away for the purpose, as he represented, of getting the £5 to repay him, and to recover the bill, but he never saw him again until he was in custody. The Rev. Mr. Pemberton was examined, and he proved that his signature on the bill was a forgery. He said he knew the prisoner by his being clerk at the cemetery. On the 12th of March last he came to him, when he represented that his brother-in-law was in difficulties, and that he was anxious to rescue him. For that purpose he asked witness to lend him £5, which he promised to return on the following Saturday, as he had money in the bank. Witness at first demurred, but, afterwards, on his promising to repay him on the following Saturday, he let him have the £5. The prisoner never paid him, and at the time when he forged witness's name to the bill of exchange he was still indebted to him. The witness also said that the prisoner obtained £25 from another gentleman by means of a similar story. Witness had made inquiries and found that the prisoner's representations about his brother-in-law were untrue. It was the prisoner who was in difficulties. In reply to the magistrate the Rev. Mr. Pemberton said the prisoner did not mention the name of his brother-in-law. Mr. Ingham thought there would be some difficulty in that case to prove the false pretence, as the prisoner had not mentioned a specific person. The Rev. Mr. Pemberton said there were several cases of the kind he had mentioned. Mr. Thomas Atkinson, of Old Kent-road, produced another bill of exchange for £10, purporting to have been accepted by the Rev. Mr. Pemberton. He said the prisoner brought the bill and a note from a friend who represented the security as being first-rate. The prisoner said he wanted the money as he was going into the country. That was on the 11th of August. Witness then discounted the bill. The Rev. Mr. Pemberton also proved that his signature attached to that bill was a forgery. Mr. Vaughan remanded the prisoner for the production of other cases.

GREENWICH.

MARRIAGE OFFER IN A POLICE COURT.—William Henry Smith, of 3, Webb's-cottages, Bennett-street, Greenwich, appeared to a summons to show cause why an order should not be made upon him to contribute towards the maintenance of the illegitimate child of Jane Starkey, of 13, East-street, Greenwich. The defendant, when the case was called on, admitted the paternity of the child, but said he had an objection to the magistrate making an order upon him for its support. (Laughter.) Mr. Traill said that as the defendant admitted himself to be the father of the child it became necessary that he should make the order, otherwise, if the mother were to die, the parish would have to support the child. The defendant: But my objection is that no such order is necessary, as I now offer to marry the complainant. (Laughter.) Mr. Traill: If you marry the complainant, of course you will have to support the child; but what does the complainant say to accepting your offer of marriage? (Renewed laughter.) The complainant: Well, sir, I cannot consent to be married to him. He has grossly insulted me since the birth of the child, and I'm sure a married life with us would only be unhappiness. The defendant denied insulting the complainant, and asked whether he had no remedy against her for goods she had taken away belonging to him. Mr. Traill said he must seek his remedy in another court. All he had to do was to see that the child did not become a burden to the parish, and an order would be made upon defendant for payment of 2s. 6d. per week, and the costs.

Literature.

"How BILLS" again comes before us with another new tale, of powerful and exciting interest, from the pen of Mrs. Winstanley. The dramatic situations of this highly romantic story are vividly drawn; and there is no doubt of its being equal in many of its terrible and thrilling details to any of the previous writings of its talented and popular authoress. In order that our readers may judge for themselves of the power and interest of the new tale, we extract the whole of the first number. Its title is

CARYNTHIA:
A LEGEND OF BLACK ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "THE HUMMING-BIRD," "DESOMO," &c.

PROLOGUE.

ON a high, dark promontory, jutting out into the sea, where the ocean birds were constantly shrieking to the foaming, white-crested waves, stood Black Rock, a grand old structure, but perched in its wild solitude, looking hard, grim, and forbidding enough.

For long centuries past Black Rock had been the ancestral abode of the Ucombes, an ancient Cornish family, whose broad lands spread widely around them, and whose three-hundred-year name was borne by the neighbouring town. Hence it was that the Ucombes had long been called the "Ucombes of Ucombe."

In one of the sombre chambers of Black Rock was lying a dying man, Ralph Ucombe, and at his bedside stood three persons, whom I will at once introduce to you.

Near the pillow of the expiring man, stooping over him, was a young woman, tall and straight in figure, and owning a countenance of singular and striking beauty. Next to her was a man, her elder by about eight years, whose hand was resting on the shoulder of a youth who had scarcely seen a dozen summers.

The dying man was holding the girl's fingers between his own palms: he was addressing her in accents tremulous and weak, pausing at times to catch his falling breath.

"You are in your twentieth year, Carynthia," he was saying "and you are quite old enough to accept the charge I am seeking to confide to you. Hector, my only son, the child of your dead mother, is little more than half your age. You have learning and discretion, stepdaughter, and you will be able to watch over him, and guide his footsteps with loving, tender care. In consideration of your own personal worth, and in remembrance of the love I bore your deceased mother—whose spirit I am hoping soon to rejoin in the realms above—I have left you an income of three hundred pounds a-year. Mr. Helstone I wish to still retain his place about my son, whose education I am desirous should be continued under the roof of Black Rock, out of the reach of the gay world and all its temptations. Should you chance to marry before Hector arrives of age, Carynthia—as it is quite natural you should—and your husband should object to your still continuing the guardianship of my boy, then in Mr. Helstone's hands must devolve the entire care of the heir of Black Rock, of the last branch of the old tree. What say you to all this, Carynthia?" he asked, in conclusion.

"That I accept your trust, sir, and that I will religiously perform all your instructions," she answered, in cold syllables, her features expressive of no emotion whatever.

"That is well, stepdaughter. Come hither, Hector," added his father, dropping Carynthia's hand and beckoning the boy to his pillow. "Do you know, my son, that I am going to leave you—that I am leaving you even now, leaving you for ever?"

The youth bit his lips, and tried to crush back his rising sobs; but his feelings were beyond his mastery, and he burst into an hysterical fit of weeping.

"Papa, you must not leave me!" he broke forth, in a gush of frantic grief. "I will send for all the doctors in Ucombe to save you from death! I cannot part from you; indeed, indeed, I cannot, papa! Carynthia, Mr. Helstone, why do you stand here, about my father's bed? why do you not send messengers for all the doctors round about?" he continued, excitedly addressing first his step-sister, and then his tutor.

"Cease—cease, my son; no doctors or medicine can aid me now; I am utterly bound the reach of all medical skill. My sands of life are nearly run out, and I have hardly breath enough to speak my last wishes to those I am leaving behind me. Lay thine head here upon my pillow, thy cheek close to mine, thou son of my heart, that my dying sight may rest upon thy treasured face, my final sigh be breathed on thee!"

And Ralph Ucombe stretched out his trembling arms, and the youth fell into them, and was strained fast to his parent's breast.

"Hector, obey her—obey Carynthia, for she is to stand in my place with thee, when I am gone," whispered the father in the son's ear. "Promise to honour and to love her!"

"I cannot promise to do so, father, for she will not let me love her!" returned the boy, his lips pressed close to the brow of his expiring sire.

"She will not let thee love her?"

"She will not let me love her!" added the boy, most emphatically.

"Wherefore?"

"I cannot care for her who does not care for me," murmured the youth, evading his father's question.

But the ears into which these words were breathed had become suddenly deaf. Ralph Ucombe was dead; and Hector was now the master of Black Rock, and the heir of all his father's immense possessions.

CHAPTER I.

Six months had elapsed since the events above recorded, and Hector Ucombe had learned to forget to weep at his late bereavement. But between his step-sister, the haughty Carynthia, and himself there still existed the same insurmountable bar as heretofore; and his guardian though she were, she never showed the least affection, never strove to draw him closer to herself.

Hector Ucombe was of a disposition impatient and proud; but to those whom he affected, he could be everything that was agreeable and winning; for beneath the outer crust of his heart there was a deep well of generosity and goodness. Carynthia conducted herself towards her step-brother with a chilling politeness, and as though she were condescending in rendering him the least attention of any sort. In her soul she disliked her step-brother, and she took no pains to conceal that fact from him; but, on the contrary, seized every opportunity she could to show him the true state of her feelings towards him.

One day, after returning home from a drive into town, she expressed a regret that the distance from Black Rock to Ucombe was so great. "If we had a road through Cowslip Meadow, we

should save at least a drive of a couple of miles, Hector," Carynthia proceeded, addressing her step-brother, who was playing with a large dog at the time. "You really must have a carriage road made through Cowslip Meadow," she added, in syllables somewhat authoritative.

"Must I?" returned he, looking up, his bosom swelling with boyish indignation. "I shall do just as I please, Carynthia Wolfsley!" he continued, savorily.

Carynthia's eyes gleamed for an instant, and her features became just as calm as before.

"I did not expect you would do otherwise," she answered, a slight tinge of sarcasm in her accents. "I merely suggested an improvement on your estate—a more convenient mode of reaching Ucombe. If Black Rock were mine, I should do as I have said. I should cut a carriage-way through Cowslip Meadow."

"If Black Rock were yours!" repeated the boy, with a light laugh. "Ah, but it never will be yours!"

"How can you tell that?" returned she, with peculiar emphasis. "In case of your death, the whole of your possessions, according to your late father's will, would devolve to me!"

"Ay, in case of my death; but I'm not going to die, Carynthia Wolfsley; I'm not going to make you a rich woman!"

She smiled, and took a false stitch in her embroidery. Hector stroked his dog in silence for some few seconds, then he glanced at his step-sister's face, which was very pale, but just as placid as ever.

"You don't like being a poor woman, Carynthia?" said he. "You are ambitious, and wish to be somebody great in the world, don't you?"

She did not answer him, but plied her needle quicker and more carelessly than ever.

"What a pity that I don't die!" he went on, faintly. "Were you only rich, you might marry some lord, and wear diamonds, and go to Court, I dare say! But, stay, I don't think you'd be allowed to go to Court, for your father was a real gentleman; he was only my poor papa's steward, was he?"

At this speech, Carynthia's cheeks and brow became perfectly scarlet; but otherwise she showed no sign of perturbation.

The boy now rose, and whistling to his dog, left the apartment by the long French casement at the end of it.

Carynthia at once dropped her embroidery, and, gazed after her step-brother, heaving a deep sigh as she did so, and tightly clenched her hands with rage and scorn.

"If he were only dead!" she said, within herself. "He speaks truly; I am ambitious, and I *could* be great in the eyes of the world. He hates me, and I have no love whatever for him. I wonder what I do love? No earthly creature, I am sure. I shall I ever care for any human being better than I care for myself? I fancy not. What a wretched existence I am leading here—a set of country humdrums for my associates, a staid, melancholy man, and this boy, for my constant companions! How weary I am of it all! I have beauty, I have learning, and I have wit; and my soul fairly sickens at this thralldom. I wish I could put an end to it, that I had not the guardianship of this wayward boy, who taunts and insults me at every turn, as if the blood in my veins had not flown from almost the same source as his own. I shall not forget his gibes respecting my late father, and I shall not forget to repay him in full for all the insults I have endured. Oh! if he were but dead!"

At this moment a soft footfall reached her ear, and, turning, she saw Mr. Helstone, Hector's tutor, by her side.

"Have I startled you, Miss Wolfsley?" he asked, in soft accents, and with much respect in his manners.

"No," she briefly replied, without even looking up.

He knitted his brows, and sighing profoundly, took a chair. Still she did not move her eyes from their present vacant gaze upon the floor.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Wolfsley," he said; "I came hither to speak to you on a certain subject next to my heart, but now that I am in your presence, I find that I lack the courage to say what I had intended to say. I—in fact—"

"Has Hector been over-troublesome to you, or what, Mr. Helstone?" Carynthia carelessly inquired.

"It is not of him I would speak; it is of yourself."

"Of myself? Pray proceed, Mr. Helstone."

He hesitated, clasped his hands tightly together, and looked helplessly on the ground.

"Have not my looks, ere this, revealed to you all I would tell you now?"

"No; but it may be that I have not troubled myself to much observe your looks," she answered, somewhat lightly.

"True; I did not think of that; I was hoping otherwise; I was—"

And here the tutor paused in much evident confusion.

Carynthia raised her eyelids in marked surprise, yet never saying a word.

He then drew his chair a little closer to hers, his pale features quivering all the while.

"Carynthia, I love you!" he suddenly cried, in a broken voice. She started, and coloured, but quickly recovered herself again.

"Do you hear me, Carynthia? I adore you, as man never yet adored woman. Carynthia, behold me here at your feet—your worshipful lover, your slave to command!"

And, with these words, Mr. Helstone threw himself on his knees before her, and seizing one of her hands, looked imploringly into her face.

"Rise!" said she, coldly.

"No, no, I will not stir until you have heard how much I love you!"

"Mr. Helstone, you offend me. Rise, I entreat!"

He obeyed her instantly, and re-sent himself in silence, his cheeks and lips bleached to linen whiteness, his every pulse throbbing with accelerated motion. There was something so icy in her voice and manner, that his very soul was beginning to quake within him.

"I know that I am presumptuous in thus daring to address you; but my feelings have overmastered me, and forced me to speak—have forced me to tell you how dear you are to me Carynthia, my beautiful and beloved!" he went on with passionate earnestness, catching hold of her garments as he spoke, and pressing them to his lips.

"Mr. Helstone," said she, nothing moved by the man's words and acts, but with the same collectedness as ever. "You and are both too poor to think of love."

"Too poor to love?" he echoed. "Did heaven design that the rich only should love one another?"

She did not reply, and he continued, excitedly,—"Carynthia you did not, could not, mean what you said! Answer me! Oh, tell me that you do not disdain the devoted heart I proffer you!"

"Indeed, Mr. Helstone, I could not be guilty of any such folly, was her brief and freezing rejoinder.

"Carynthia! Carynthia!" he exclaimed, beseechingly, "Oh



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you do not know, you cannot guess, the strength of my devotion towards yourself! I could work for you day and night; I could endure cold, hunger, and thirst—live in a cell, far away from the haunts of men, so you would suffer me to care for you, suffer me to spend the remainder of my life by your dear side!"

"Mr. Helstone—"

"Call me Robert, Carynthia," he said, entreatingly.

"Mr. Helstone," she pursued, heedless of his interruption, "I am determined never to wed unless—unless I become rich; and as that is an unlikely event to happen to me, I may say that I shall for ever remain Carynthia Wolfsley."

The above words were delivered in her usual manner, her voice low, and sweetly in tune—the same tinge of melancholy as heretofore in all its tones.

He looked at her in sadness and despair.

"Carynthia, you do not care for me!" he said, hollowly.

"My temperament is less ardent than yours; or, perhaps, I have learned to control my feelings somewhat better," she answered.

"I am only your step-brother's tutor, at present, Carynthia," proceeded Mr. Helstone; "but, at my uncle's death, I shall inherit sufficient to lift us far above the fear of need of any sort."

She shook her head. "Ah, 'tis a poor prospect to wait and watch for dead men's shoes! Death would also make me wealthy; but it would be worse than folly on my part to think that Hector Ulcombe would be likely to die before myself, who am eight years his senior. To be sure, the young often die; their lives are just as uncertain as the lives of their elders—just as uncertain," she repeated, her hands loosely clasped across her lap, her eyes absently cast upon the floor. "Yes; if I were wealthy, I might permit myself to love; otherwise, I never shall do so."

"Then the lack of gold alone prevents your caring for me—your reciprocating my affection?"

She bowed her head affirmatively.

"You cannot be dreading poverty while you have an income, and I have likewise one?"

"An income!" echoed she, very scornfully; "I have a paltry three hundred pounds a-year—a sum just enough to keep me from work and from beggary. Mr. Helstone, I am weary of being a mere nonentity. I hate my existence at Black Rock, and, if ever I wed, it must be to hold a position in the world, and to take a place of equality amongst the proudest in it."

And as she finished speaking, Carynthia rose, and haughtily threw back her head, looking superbly beautiful in her scorn.

The tutor sat with half-stupefied faculties, staring at the tall, graceful figure behind him, wondering how he had ever dared to love a being so lovely as she. He was handsome and clever himself, but he was far too modest to remember his own merits; he could only think of hers, and, in fancy, multiply them over and over again.

"You wish us to still continue friends with one another, Mr. Helstone?" pursued Carynthia.

"Friends! I could never be sought else but your friend!"

"Then never more mention to me the subject of love."

The tutor's face fell for an instant; in the next, he was once more grovelling at her feet.

"Oh, Carynthia, to live under the self-same roof with you," he agitatedly cried; "to see your sweet face daily, and to listen to your thrilling voice, and yet to be unable to pour out to you my prayer of worshipful adoration! Carynthia, Carynthia, do not condemn me to so much misery and anguish, but suffer the load in my breast to find vent in looks, in words, and in acts! Empress of my soul, life of my life!" he added, with painful earnestness. "Oh, spurn me not, Carynthia, but open thine heart, and take me into it!"

Her dress was grasped tightly in his hands; she could not fly from him, as she was wishing to do; she was compelled to listen to his frantic speech—to that speech which made not the slightest impression on her feelings. Her ears heard his syllables, 'tis true; but not one of those syllables penetrated further than her ear."

"Leave me, Mr. Helstone!" said she.

"Not until you have given me some hope."

"I will not deceive you with promises—promises that would never be kept. Mr. Helstone, I have told you plainly that I will not wed to live the life of a household drudge. I was not created for the performance of any steady, matronly duties. I have a

proud, ambitious spirit, which is vainly soaring after a higher position than the one I am at present enjoying, and— But wherefore do I thus lose breath in repeating to you what I have already said before? You know my sentiments fully, and I need scarcely repeat that those sentiments will never change unless Hector dies, and I become the mistress of Black Rock!" she added, with peculiar emphasis.

The tutor now rose, his features full of disappointment and pain, and muttering some unintelligible words, he staggered, rather than walked out of the room, leaving Carynthia plunged in meditations deep and dark.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the scene above narrated, Mr. Helstone became more melancholy than before, and avoided, as much as possible, the presence of Carynthia. His love for her had not abated itself a jot. No; battle how he would with his feelings, he could not succeed in subduing them. Indeed, the more he tried to crush them, the stronger they seemed to grow within him—the more resistant they became.

Alone the tutor used now to wander about Black Rock and its neighbourhood—his mind a prey to the anguish within him—to the affection which occupied his whole heart and soul.

Carynthia noted the deep abstraction of his manners, and all his sadly altered looks; but she did not soften towards him in the least—her bosom was just as cold and stony as before.

And thus time progressed under the roof of Black Rock.

Carynthia had some new and wicked schemes within her brain, and she was daily waxing impatient to have those schemes carried into effect. Yet she felt that she must bide her time—that she must wait until a fitting moment presented itself for her purpose. She was like the eagle watching the instant when she could pounce upon her prey.

Hector had lately had several little outbreaks with his step-sister, and her hatred against him was hourly increasing, and the evil intention she was nursing was acquiring fresh strength in her mind.

The boy had no one to love—no one to love him; and that fact alone tended to render his temper fretful in the extreme. His tutor also had grown sullen all at once, and had begun to treat him with considerable harshness and unkindness—a mode of treatment at which Hector boldly rebelled.

"I once liked you, Mr. Helstone; but now that you have grown to love my step-sister, and to behave perversely towards myself, I have learned to feel for you the aversion I feel for her," Hector said, one day.

The tutor started confusedly, and the book in his hand shook like an aspen leaf.

"Ah, you thought I could not see how matters were going on with you; but I could, you perceive. Well, and what does Carynthia say? She won't have your love, will she? No; of course not! I know what she wants—don't you? I'll tell you then. She would like to marry a lord, and nothing less than a lord. I wish to goodness I could help her to one, and so get rid of her for ever," the lad added, with a reckless laugh.

Mr. Helstone had listened in breathless silence. Every word spoken by Hector had struck painfully on the tutor's ear. Presently he threw down his book, and uttered an angry exclamation; and the boy, laughing jeeringly, scampered away, along the sea-beach, and was soon out of his preceptor's sight.

Mr. Helstone gnashed his teeth with rage. Hector's thoughtless chatter had mortified and wounded him beyond measure.

"The young imp!" cried the tutor, very bitterly. "His tongue is full of stings! But I'll make him suffer for it one day; he shall be made to repay me in full for the mortification I have just endured at his hands."

At this instant, Carynthia appeared in the distance, descending the pathway to the beach, gradually nearing the spot where the tutor was sitting on a rock-hewn couch, with the murmuring waters rippling and gurgling at his feet.

His heart throbbed wildly at the sight of her fluttering robes and her graceful figure.

"Did she see him? Would she stop and address him, or would she pass on without bestowing any notice upon him?" he asked himself, as she came yet nearer and nearer to his resting-place.

Great heavens, how he trembled! Ah, how much he loved this

woman! Even now he was ready to fling himself in her path—ready to let her walk over his prostrate body, if she chose. And it was his wild, immeasurable attachment to her that was thus driving him beyond all bounds—making him willing to humble himself in the very dust for her sake.

He lifted his eyes to the sky, and breathed an inward prayer that she would stop and speak to him.

And Carynthia did so, and smiled upon the man as she had never smiled upon him before—the music of her voice perfectly enchanting him.

"Where is your pupil, Mr. Helstone?" she inquired, at the same time glancing around.

The tutor's face flushed at this question.

"We will not talk of him, Miss Wolfsley," he answered, with a vexed look.

"And wherefore not?"

"Because he has seriously offended me."

Carynthia's countenance brightened.

"He has offended you? In what way has he done so, may I ask?"

Mr. Helstone hesitated for a few moments, then he repeated to her all that had lately passed between his pupil and himself.

"Insolent!" uttered she. "You must punish him. He must not be allowed to insult his elders thus. Master of Black Rock though he be, he shall not be permitted to be impertinent to any one, and, least of all, to you, his teacher. Why, by and by, there will be no bearing his tongue. Heaven knows how I have smarted under its lash!" she added, in bitter tones, at the same time throwing herself on the seat by Mr. Helstone's side.

Then ensued a lengthy silence, which neither appeared willing to break.

"If I could but win him to my purpose, and get him to move this viper out of my path!" she cried within herself, the gorgeous rays of a setting sun gilding her yellow-tinted hair, and shining on her exquisitely chiselled features—on those features which had the purity of marble, alightly tinged with the blushing rose. "I'll tempt him to the deed, myself being the proffered guerdon for his pains."

The expression of Carynthia's face was now full of softness and feminine sweetness. Never had she appeared to Mr. Helstone half so bewitching as now, while she was thus weaving subtle and deadly plans against another—against one who had never injured her.

"What a lovely evening, and what a glorious sunset!" she exclaimed, as if in admiration of the scene; at the same moment purposely, but with apparent carelessness, dropping her handkerchief, which fluttered away to the water's edge, and then was borne away on the top of a dancing wave. "Oh, my handkerchief!" she cried out, in seeming distress. "Oh, what shall I do to regain it? It was my poor mother's—one of the very few articles I have to remind me of my long-departed parent!"

The tutor stayed to hear no more, but plunged at once into the flood, and struck out in the direction of the floating cambric, which having gained possession of, he returned, with dripping garments, to the shore, and presented the handkerchief to Carynthia in perfect silence.

"Oh, how good of you, to risk your very life for only this poor trifle, Mr. Helstone," she said, with looks and tones of seeming gratitude. "How shall I ever thank you sufficiently for what you have done?"

"I need no thanks, for I merit none," he answered, very tremulously and sadly.

"Still only for me would you have performed this act?" she said, casting down her eyes with well-dissembled embarrassment.

"True, Miss Wolfsley."

Then there was a short pause, which she was first to break.

"I trust that you understand how much I appreciate your kindness?" she went on in the same manner as before.

He was silent, because at that moment he could not find voice to reply to her.

"But I forgot, you will have to hasten home to make a fresh toilette," she further said. "How remiss of me to keep you here, with your garments all dripping wet. Pray forgive me, Mr. Helstone," she added with well-acted concern, her beautiful eyes now raised and fixed on his.

The tutor's senses were all bedazzled and confused. He could



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scarcely credit his senses. Was it Carynthia Wolfeley who was addressing him in these gentle terms? He felt almost overwhelmed with joy, and hope once more took possession of his soul.

He did not regard his wet raiment; what was an hour of discomfort to him while he was by his beloved one's side, listening to her dulcet accents, basking beneath her sunny smiles.

He took her willing hand, and reseating himself on the rocky couch, drew her to his side.

"Carynthia!" breathed he, very softly; "Oh, that I could say my Carynthia!"

She made no reply, and he, emboldened by that silence, went on.

"Carynthia, let me love you!" he entreated, looking into her face, most beseechingly, his own changing colour while he spoke.

"You already know the obstacle in our way," she returned, sadly shaking her head. "Were I a rich woman, I might be won to listen to your addresses; as it is, I cannot do so. Were Hector removed, we might be happy," she dropped, in half-whispered syllables.

"Ah, you do love me, then!" he suddenly cried, not catching the true meaning of her insidious words. "Carynthia, Carynthia, say that you will be mine, and save me from utter despair and ruin!"

"To think that there should exist a being to mar our happiness, Robert!" pursued she, after a pause.

It was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name, and her doing so now almost transported him with delight. "Carynthia, you would not suffer me to plead thus, did you not reciprocate my affection?"

Again she sighed, as if unwilling to confess her love for him, as if her maiden modesty alone prevented her making the avowal he was longing to hear from her lips.

"Carynthia, you do not speak," he said.

"What can I say?" returned she. "Only what I have already said to you. If Hector were out of the way, nothing on earth would stand between us and the realization of our best hopes. Oh, Robert Helstone, if Hector were but dead, we should not then care for anything in all this wide world but our own two selves!"

Carynthia had uttered these words in such yearning tones, that her listener looked up in surprise.

"He is most unamiable," she went on; "he will never be a useful member of society; the world would be as well without as with him. His gold would make us two contented; then, wherefore can we not possess ourselves of that gold?"

"Possess ourselves of Hector Ulcombe's gold?" repeated the tutor in great amazement. "I do not comprehend you, Carynthia."

"No?"

"No, indeed, Carynthia."

"Then you do not care for me as you would wish me to believe, else your wit would have helped you to understand my meaning." He looked quite bewildered.

"Oh, Robert," she murmured, her lips close to his ear, her breath stirring his dark, wavy hair,—"oh, Robert, think how delightful it would be to hold Black Rock as our own! There would be no pinchings then, no struggling to make a show out of narrow means; we should have plenty, and we should hold a position that would command the respect of people of the highest rank; money buying for us all we most desire; station, homage, luxuries, everything I am longing for, and which I must call mine ere I shall consent to wed any one."

Mr. Helstone listened to her in mute uneasiness and pain. He felt afraid to comprehend the true significance of her speech; he loved her with such intensity that he dared not trust himself to do so. He felt that he was ready to make all sorts of sacrifices for her sake, that he would peril the safety of his soul in order to meet her wishes, and give her pleasure. He was like a straw in her fingers, a straw which she might twist whichever way she pleased, and she was quite aware of the fact, fully assured of her vast influence over him.

The sun was fast sinking now, and the rising wind was stirring the waters before them, and driving in the foaming tide with louder roar.

"You do not speak, Robert," said she, finding that he still remained silent.

He made no reply. He was thinking of what she had been saying, and was deeply pondering over all her words.

Carynthia, thus close by his side, was intoxicating him with a vision of future happiness, and was likewise preparing his mind to receive all her evil hints and instructions. She was leading him to believe that she cared for him, exactly as he desired she should care for him, and afraid lest he should lose her, he could not deliberate upon the terrible price he would have to pay for her. She was a clever, subtle teacher, and he was an apt pupil. Already he had begun to think that a life of ease and luxury would be far more acceptable than one of mere homely comfort. Dazzle and glitter would suit Carynthia's superb beauty better far than humble, domestic surroundings. She was fit to grace a palace, to shine amidst the proudest and the loveliest in the land; then wherefore should she not do so? he asked himself, as he raised his hand, and stroked her rippling, yellow hair, which act she permitted.

Carynthia felt satisfied. She felt that he was falling into her wicked toils, and her evil spirit was inwardly rejoicing over his weakness.

They were both silent for some moments. He was the first to speak.

"Carynthia!" he said, at the same time timorously glancing around him.

She raised her head, and observed that Mr. Helstone's face was white as the sea-foam, and his lips were twitching convulsively.

"How could he be removed, Carynthia?" he asked, under his breath.

"In half a score of different ways," was the brief rejoinder. The tutor shuddered, and his life-current seemed to suddenly freeze around his heart.

"Kings and other mighty rulers have not hesitated to strike down any obstacle in their way; then, wherefore should we falter at thrusting aside the object which is now obstructing our path, the bar which impedes our onward progress, and destroys the realization of all our future hopes?" Carynthia returned.

He did not answer.

"Life is easily crushed—extinguished in a single second," suggested she.

He turned his face aside, leant his brow upon his hand, and meditated for a few moments.

"But suppose our crime were detected—what then?" he inquired, through his chattering teeth.

"We will guard against detection; we are not a couple of children, to act unadvisedly or rashly in this affair. I have already thought of a scheme which will avert all chance of suspicion falling upon ourselves. Trust all to me."

"But, great heaven, Carynthia! I—I cannot take the boy's life—I dare not stain my hands with such a hideous crime as murder!"

Here Carynthia placed her hand lightly across his mouth. "Don't pronounce that word, Robert; there is no occasion to do so at present, nor will there be any. It strikes me that people are far too squeamish on this same point; for many will suffer themselves to be tortured to death by an enemy, yet fear to rid themselves of him. What folly to do so! Is not *Self* the dearest creature on earth?—then wherefore should we allow *Self* to be thwarted by any of man's laws? Were I a man, I could thrust Hector Ulcombe out of the world without a scruple, and think that I had only been acting in common justice to myself in removing from my path one who hindered my onward passage. I beg you not to view the affair in so serious a light—it is not worth while to do so—but to regard it as I do, and—"

"But conscience, Carynthia?"

"Conscience! Pahaw! Defy it, as I do so," laughed she, very softly and sweetly. "The boy once out of our way, we shall soon learn to forget him entirely. Believe me, we shall have no regrets for the deed when it is done, and we are the master and mistress of Black Rock. Hesitate no longer, but give me your hand, and say that the act shall be performed."

"It shall be performed, Carynthia, since you ask it; but there must not be any bloodshed."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen, Carynthia. Under Black Rock there are several dungeons and subterranean passages. Well, to one of those dungeons Hector must be beguiled, and therein immured for ever."

Carynthia shook her head.

"He must die!" returned she; "he must die and be buried, else how shall I ever inherit his possessions?"

"True!" rejoined Mr. Helstone, in a musing manner.

At this juncture, while twilight was stealing over the scene, a dark form, borne upon the waters, came floating towards the spot.

"What is that?" cried Carynthia, pointing towards the object, as it was being brought nearer and nearer to their feet.

"It is a human body!" replied the tutor, with an involuntary shiver of horror.

His companion did not answer, but watched the swelling billows which were bringing in the stark youth, clothed in a loose bathing-dress.

Neither of them uttered a word, but motionlessly sat their eyes fixed upon the uprearing form, as each rising wave brought it closer, and yet closer to the shore—to their very feet.

Mr. Helstone now started up, so likewise did Carynthia; but they both maintained the same breathless silence as before.

At length a heavy billow came dashing along, and, presently, that billow had receded, and a dead youth was left behind upon the sandy beach.

The tutor drew shudderingly back, while Carynthia stood unflinchingly.

"Mr. Helstone," said she, quickly, "I have a fresh thought."

He was by her side in an instant.

"A most lucky thought," she added, clutching hold of his arm as she spoke. "Hector must be missing this very night; and, in the course of a few days, the body of this drowned youth—whose features much resemble those of Hector, and whose age must be near his—shall be discovered washed ashore, and shall be represented as that of Hector Ulcombe. Do you see my plan, and do you approve of it?"

"I confess that I cannot perfectly understand how the imposition is to be carried into effect."

"No! Is it possible? How dull you are, to be sure! See how fast darkness is gathering around us. We must conceal this body—this our best treasure, which the good waves have brought to us just at the very moment it was required. Where shall we hide it?" she continued, gazing around upon the solitude of the rocky shore, her face full of eagerness and resolution.

"The tide is receding," answered Mr. Helstone, both to tongue and heart. "He will be quite safe here for a short time, until he is wanted."

"I will not quit him until it is quite dark," said Carynthia. "You had better return to Black Rock, and mature your schemes for the immediate removal of Hector."

"And leave you here alone with this ghastly object before you?"

"Tush, what matter! I am not in the least afraid of the dead. Go!"

"But—"

"Go! and when you return to me, bring me word that Hector is safely lodged beneath the floors of Black Rock. Away!"

And without another word, Mr. Helstone was gone, and Carynthia was left alone with the drowned stranger youth.

CHAPTER III.

"WHITHER are you leading me, Mr. Helstone? I don't want to explore these nasty passages. Let the subterranean places alone, I don't care about seeing them."

"But I do, and that is quite sufficient," returned the tutor, in imperative tones. "Bear the lamp aloft, that we may see our way down these rugged steps."

"Bear the lamp aloft yourself, Mr. Helstone!" returned Hector, putting the light down upon the stone-steps they were descending together. "I shall go no further, for I don't perceive what possible benefit I should derive by doing so."

"You will please to do as you are desired, Master Hector Ulcombe; otherwise, I shall be compelled to make you!"

"You will make me!" echoed the youth. "I should just like to see somebody try to make me do a thing against my will, that's all! Now, Mr. Helstone, you had better take warning, and threaten me no more; for I'm not the boy to put up with any nonsense at your hands, as you well know, sir!"

"Do you see this?" said the tutor, suddenly producing a pistol, and presenting it at Hector's head.

The youth recoiled at first; then recovering himself, he boldly laughed in his companion's face.

Mr. Helstone was a tall, powerful man, and Hector Ulcombe was a slender lad, possessed of very little muscular strength. Hector had plenty of spirit, as you may see; but his spirit could aid him nothing at this time, when a fatal weapon was being pointed at his head. He laughed, 'tis true, but his blanched face showed that he was almost scared out of his wits, and that he was at a loss to understand the strange conduct of his tutor.

"Take up the lamp, and descend!" commanded Mr. Helstone, still presenting the pistol at the youth's head.

Hector kept his ground proudly, all the while trembling in every limb.

"I shan't stir a step further," he said, in his sauciest manner; "and I shall write to my poor dead father's lawyer, and tell him of your unkind behaviour to me. I know that Carynthia hates me; and because she does so, you hate me also. But I will report matters to Mr. Westgrove, and get him to alter them for me, for I will no longer have those about me who treat me ill."

"Descend!" broke forth the tutor, his handsome countenance quite distorted with rage.

Hector took up the light; and scarcely knowing what he did, descended the roughly-hewn steps before him, never once pausing until he had gained the foot of them, and Helstone was once more by his side.

"Proceed!" said the tutor.

"Whither?" asked Hector, in dismay and terror. "What do I want in this dismal, horrible place?"

"Proceed, I say!"

Hector lifted the light above his head, and, shivering, obeyed, followed by the tutor.

"I suppose you are going to punish me because I was a little rude to you to-day, and twitted you about Carynthia?" said the youth, as he half groped his way along the narrow, vaulted passages, at the end of which a door presented itself, and on that door being opened, a square cell was revealed to their view.

"Enter!" said the tutor, without examining the loathsome place, and snatching the lamp from his pupil's hand; and at the next moment, before he could offer the slightest resistance, Hector was suddenly thrust into the cell, and the door closed upon him.

Then Mr. Helstone made his way back, as fast as possible and stealthily regained a trap-door which communicated with a closet belonging to an apartment out of present use.

Here the tutor paused some minutes, his heart beating wildly, and his brain throbbing with heat and pain.

Presently, he entered his study in a most excited state; his lips were parched and clinging together; he could hardly walk, such was his agitation.

He was thinking of what he had just done, of the boy whom he had just confined beneath the floors of Black Rock, and a death-like sickness was overpowering all his senses. Leaving the apartment by a French window, he made his way down the cliff to the solitary beach, where, in utter darkness, Carynthia was still waiting.

He wended his way onwards with uncertain steps, his brain dizzy, a heavy weight within his breast.

"What had he done?" he asked himself over and over again.

And the night-blast repeated in his ears the same reproachful question. He had betrayed the solemn trust reposed in him by one who was now lying in his grave—he had wronged the orphan son of his dead friend and benefactor.

Mr. Helstone had an upbraiding conscience within, and he was suffering some severe mental pangs at this moment. He felt as if he had bade farewell to his own natural self—as if he had become possessed of the spirit of some fiend. In vain he endeavoured to teach himself to think lightly of the deed he had just committed; in vain he strove to excuse himself for having yielded to the persuasive words of her he loved; it would not be, it would not be—the accusing spirit within him would make itself heard, and would condemn him.

He shuddered as he reflected on his late treacherous act.

Had he left Hector Ulcombe to perish by starvation in a dungeon beneath Black Rock? Oh, no!—oh, no, he must not do that—he could not do so; the lad must live, even as a captive.

The tutor hastened his steps, and, removing his hat, allowed the cool sea-breeze to lift the thick masses of his hair from off his burning, aching brow, while on and on he went, until he reached the rock-hewn seat near which he had left Carynthia.

Although his eyes had now become accustomed to the darkness, it was with difficulty that he could distinguish the dark outline of a female figure, even when he was close upon that figure.

"Hush!" he cried, pausing.

But at that instant a sudden gust of wind bore his cry away in a contrary direction to that in which he meant to convey it.

"Carynthia!" he next cried.

"I am here!" was the answer, as a cold hand laid itself upon his.

"Where is Hector Ulcombe?" queried the same voice in his ear.

"He is safely bestowed in one of the subterranean dungeons of Black Rock," was his reply.

"Good! He cannot escape?"

"Not unless he can force a couple of strong iron bolts," rejoined Mr. Helstone.

"Think fortune for that much tidings! Now, our plans as regards this body?" she added. "You are sure that you have been cautious—that no one suspects the business we have in hand?"

"Hector's movements are always so erratic, that his coming or going is but little noticed by any one at Black Rock."

"You are right! I think we are safe enough thus far; and if we continue to be cautious, all will be secure."

"What next is to be done?" inquired the tutor, his courage once more restored by Carynthia's presence.

"He must be dressed in a suit of Hector's clothes," said she.

"The drowned youth?"

"Ay."

"It will be a frightful task to perform," rejoined he, in tremulous tones.

"I will assist you in it," she quickly answered. "I have no fear about the matter—not an atom!"

"What is the hour?"

"Near midnight."

"Missing your young master, many of the servants may be still up, on the alert for his coming."

"That is what I myself am thinking about," returned Mr. Helstone.

"But I know a secret entrance to Black Rock, if the darkness of the night does not prevent our finding it," said she.

"Am I acquainted with the entrance of which you speak?"

"No, 'tis under the west cliff, and a recent discovery of my own," she responded. "Listen."

"What do you propose?" he next inquired.

"We will procure some clothes of Hector's, and, having put those clothes on the drowned boy, we will carry him round to the Flint Basin, where the tide will not be able to carry him away. Then, in the morning, we will have a search for Hector, and in the course of a few days he will be found immersed in water, with swollen and disfigured features. The people of Ulcombe are not over shrewd, and the affair of the inquest can be got through with but very little trouble. Now, what say you to my scheme?"

"That it is bold and dangerous, Carynthia."

"Pshaw! Are you afraid of the dead?"

"Not I. My fear is of the living!" answered the tutor. "Now, suppose the servants of Black Rock, and others who have knowledge of the person of Hector, should refuse to receive this drowned lad's body as that of their young master—as that of Hector Ulcombe? I confess I have my doubts concerning the success of our plans."

"Doubt, and we are lost; have confidence, and we win. Now, let us hence; we have no time to lose, for see, the moon is rising!"

Saying which, Carynthia led the way along the lonely beach, and then commenced climbing the west cliff, which was a steep and rugged ascent, with which Mr. Helstone was not at all acquainted.

Upwards she went, sure-footed and fleet, while the tutor stumbled after her, in nervous trepidation.

At length she arrived under a wing of the house, and, making her way through some thick brushwood, found a flight of steps, upon descending which a low doorway presented itself to view.

The moon was now rising high in the heavens, and every surrounding object was plainly visible.

Carynthia passed her hands over the panels of the time-worn portal, and, pressing one of those panels, a spring gave way and the door opened, and creakingly swung back.

"Now, follow me," spoke Carynthia, placing the end of her cashmere in her companion's hand, in order to guide him surely, that he might be enabled to keep close at her heels.

Carynthia then penetrated into the old building, and noiselessly pursued her way; the tutor, trembling and sick at heart, groping after her.

Reaching her usual sitting-room, Carynthia lighted a lamp;

then bidding Mr. Helstone conceal himself behind a screen, she took up a book, and rang for her own attendant, who entered with sleepy eyes, looking as if she had just been roused out of her slumbers.

"Are the servants gone to rest, Nancy?" inquired Carynthia, with a yawn.

"No, miss; for the young master has not yet come home."

"Not yet come home!" echoed Carynthia, in well-acted surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"That Master Hector, who went down to the beach, has not been heard of for hours, miss."

"Nonsense, nonsense," returned Carynthia. "Tell the people to go to bed at once; Master Hector will be very angry to find that his absence has been so noticed. You know that he has often stayed out half the night, which, in such hot weather as the present, is not to be wondered at. Say that it is my wish that no one shall remain up any longer; and let Master Hector return home without any observation. I am reading a very interesting book, and it may be late ere I retire, but I shall not require you any further, Nancy."

The woman thanked her mistress, and promising to obey her commands, left the room, the door of which Carynthia at once secured.

Mr. Helstone now emerged from behind the screen.

"Now," said Carynthia, taking up the lamp,—"now we must hie to Hector's chamber, and possess ourselves of some of his garments. There is no fear of our being interrupted in the business, as none of the domestics ever come near this wing. Come, we have nothing to fear."

Carynthia then unlocked another door of the apartment, and looked out into the gallery.

"All is silent," whispered she. "Come!"

And with the lamp in her hand, Carynthia boldly traversed the gallery, until she reached a chamber door at the end of it. Here she stopped, and, fearlessly pushing the panel, entered.

Then, searching drawers and wardrobes, Carynthia and Mr. Helstone obtained all that they required; and, again quitting Black Rock, made their way to the sea-beach, on which they had left the poor drowned stranger youth.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

[From *Le Follet*.]

As winter costumes make their appearance, short dresses are seen to be more and more in favour; in fact, for walking dress the trained skirts may be said to be quite out of date, they are reserved for in-doors or carriage wear. We should be sorry to have to tell their total disappearance; but so capricious a mistress is Fashion, that it may be our duty, as her faithful chroniclers, to give even that proof of her proverbial fickleness. There is still a talk of short dresses for full dress, but of that we hesitate to speak as likely to be general.

We must again repeat that black is extremely in vogue—comparatively one sees little else out of doors; and certainly, worn as it most frequently is, over a skirt of a lively colour, nothing can be more becoming or lady-like. Even for the long dresses worn when making ceremonious calls, black velvet, moire, or satin, predominate. The fourreau, *à la* upper-skirt, with low or high body, continues very fashionable. A new style of dress called "La Polonoise" is very neat for morning wear, being simply an underskirt of plain cachemere or woolen material, and upper skirt and casque of the same, in a deeper shade, merely festooned round.

It is generally supposed that broche silks or satins will be worn this season. The crinolines being so much smaller material that will hang in thick and graceful folds is more than ever likely to meet with success.

Narrow fur trimmings are again worn; and muffs of cloth or velvet like the dress, with two bands of fur, are still used, though they cannot be said to hold the same rank as the muffs entirely of fur.

Bonnets, though still small, are gradually undergoing a change; and the "Catalane" and "Lamballe" are giving way to the "Reine Hortense," "Marie Stuart," and the "Empire"—not, indeed, the veritable "Empire," but a modification of the same, which, in the hands of a skilful modiste, may really be made a becoming coiffure. Black velvet is the material most used, though coloured velvet and satins are also much in favour. The "Reine Hortense" is cut quite round, forming a flat curtain at the back, and is trimmed with a silk fringe all round and a trimming of jet above. The strings are of velvet ribbon, the same colour as the bonnet, with brides of lace falling over them, fastened either with a jet ornament or a flower. We prefer the former.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Protect carnations, auriculas, &c., from severe weather. Cuttings of calceolarias, that are rooted, may be potted off. Cut down fuchsias and mulch over with short litter; but if desirous of preserving large specimens, protect with stakes and matting, the interior filled with loose straw, and the remaining leaves on the fuchsias removed to prevent mouldiness. A little lime water round the roots of pansies will do good as a protection from slugs. Protect the tender varieties of roses if not already done. Attend to frames daily; give as much light and air as the weather will permit. Roll lawns and walks occasionally in dry weather, and keep all tidy.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Continue to earth up cabbage and winter greens. Look to cauliflowers as advised last week; also lettuce. If carrots are required early, make a sowing on a slight hot-bed. Now that frosts have been frequent, peas that have shown above ground should be lightly covered over with the soil, and over that a layer of sand, to protect them from slugs or the cold weather. Earth up celery. Collect horse droppings for spring mushroom beds. Keep up a succession of rhubarb and seakale by potting.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Cherries, pears, plums, &c., if affected by a scale insect, should have a good washing of a mixture of soft-soap, tobacco, and lime-water. Continue root pruning. Finish nailing and topping wall-trees. Protect fig trees by unnauling five or six branches at a time, and tying the same in bundles with ropes of straw or hay. Prune orchard trees generally; remove old branches; cut clean, and give a coat of paint to the wounds to exclude wet.

THROAT DISEASE.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported and sold in this country at 1s. 4d. per box. Some of the most eminent doctors of the "Royal Italian Opera," London, pronounce them the best article for Hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." Sold by all chemists.—(Advertisement.)

CONTEMPLATED MARRIAGE OF THE ITALIAN PRINCES.

M. ERDAN, the correspondent of the *Temps*, writes as follows from Florence:—

"The great question of the day, even to the expulsion of the Papal question, is that of the marriage of the young Italian princes. It is almost settled that Prince Umberto is to marry the niece of the Duke of Modena—the niece of Francis-Ferdinand-Gemini himself—the niece of Madame the Duchess of Bordeaux, the personification of legitimacy and divine right. She is, if I mistake not, the heiress of the Duchy of Modena. The ex-Duke of Modena, who has no child, had a brother two years his junior, named Ferdinand Charles-Victor. He died in 1849, leaving by his marriage with the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria one daughter, born on the 15th December, called Maria-Theresa. It is to this young lady that Prince Umberto is to be married, and if she be the heiress of the Duke of Modena she will have a fortune of £5,000,000. The marriage of Prince Amadeo is an unusual one, and is producing a great sensation. He is to marry the young Princess de la Cisterna. The Cisternas are the only princely family in Piedmont. Princes abound in Sicily, Naples, and other parts of Italy; but in Piedmont there is but one princely house—that of Cisterna, the powerful lords of Vercelli. Their daughter will have a fortune of £40,000 a-year. The family have been long since good patriots. In 1821 a prince of the Cisternas was united, as a Carbonaro, with Charles Albert, and as such was exiled. His son married a member of the Merode family, and it is the daughter of this marriage who is destined to be the wife of Prince Amadeo. This young lady is niece of Mgr. de Merode; she was founded by M. de Montalembert, and Pius IX blessed her beads. The sons of the 'usurper' and 'the excommunicated' marrying the heiress of the Duke of Modena and the niece of Mgr. de Merode! Surely Fate plays many fantastic tricks. What will the *Gazette*, the *Union*, and the *Monde* think of all this? Oh, success! There is nothing like success. In the royal circle the marriage of Prince Amadeo has produced a good deal of agitation. Some approve of it, and say it is quite right for royal princes to marry their handsome subjects. What is it but an old prejudice, or rather a relatively modern prejudice, that obliges princes to intermarry amongst themselves? Bravo, Prince Amadeo, they say; that lovely subject will embellish the family. But at this moment a Piedmontese dowager comes up, her ribbons quivering, her curls tossing, and full of indignation, exclaims:—"There is only one thing which the King cannot do, and that is to make a gentleman. It cannot be that there is any intention of thus compromising the dignity of the house of Savoy. Piedmont alone would never have allowed it. I am quite confused; I do not know what to think of it. I shall not believe it till I see it. Who could have believed that the revolution would have brought us to this?" 'Pardon, duchess,' said a cold Tuscan and a statesman, 'the question of princely or unprincely blood has no importance in these days. But what I am apprehensive of is that a local element, a Piedmontese relationship, is going to be introduced into the royal family, which may give rise to much inconvenience. I am certain that intrigues—' 'Intrigues, sir? Yes,' said the duchess, 'you have hit on it. Intrigues. I am certain that that intriguer, the Countess of —, has already gone to Vercelli.' From this sketch which I have accurately reported, you may judge of the sensation in the *salons*. The application of the September convention is now only a stale and uninteresting episode. O, Hymen! you are all powerful. Evohé! the Pope will compromise."

A RICH AND ECCENTRIC LADY.

A few days ago there died in Upper Brook-street, in this city, a lady named Crosier, whose eccentricities had long made her remarkable to the few neighbours to whom she was known. She occupied one of the best houses in the street, detached, surrounded by a garden or pleasure ground, and large enough for the ordinary requirements of a person moving in the best circles of society, yet she lived alone. About fifteen or twenty years ago an old female domestic servant, who had been her most intimate friend for many years, got married, and Miss Crosier could never be induced to supply her place with another. Faithful to her old mistress, the servant visited Miss Crosier daily up to the time of her death, attended to her wants and the cleanliness of the house, and at night looked the old lady up till she returned the following morning. Miss Crosier had few relations, the nearest of whom was a married niece at St. Helen's, but these, like everybody else, were practically refused admission to the house, and, except the old servant referred to, it is said that no one has been in the place for many years. A tax-gatherer was once privileged to step into the vestibule, but the old lady very naturally got rid of him as soon as possible. It is also said that Miss Crosier's eccentricities developed into an affection for a colony of cats, of which she had about ten or a dozen at the time of her death. When she became dangerously ill, a few months ago, her servant recommended her to make her will, and in the end Miss Crosier consented to do so, and devised her property and effects to her niece. After the old lady's death the house was searched, and in the attic there was found an immense quantity of silver plate,

the value of which is variously estimated at from £2,000 to £3,000, and, stowed away in various parts of the house, but mostly among the plate, was a sum of not less than £10,000. The money almost entirely consisted of Bank of England notes, many of them of old date, and among the cash was a large number of spade-guineas. The house was well stocked with a large quantity of valuable furniture and articles of domestic use, most of which were carefully wrapped up, so as to preserve them from the dust. Miss Crosier was more than eighty years old at the time of her death. Though she so effectually excluded herself from the outer world as to be seldom seen, even by her nearest neighbours, it is said that she performed many kind actions to a favoured few, and that more than one person in the city has received assistance from her in times of pecuniary difficulty.—*Manchester Guardian*.

Varieties.

DEFINITION OF A LOVER.—A lover has been pithily described as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

A DRAGON who became rich in a grocery shop not a hundred miles from the State House in Albany, used to boast how much he had done for the cause of temperance, by mixing at least a gallon of pure water with every gallon of liquor he sold.

A COXCOMB, who often intruded in a library where he did not subscribe, one day had his dog turned out by a crusty old fellow, who gave him a tremendous kick, saying, "You are no subscriber, at any rate." The master took the hint, and never more annoyed the establishment by his presence.

SUMMARY OF WEDDED BLISS.—An American paper gives it as follows:—"Heaven bless the wives, they fill our lives with little bees and honey! They ease life's shocks, they mend our socks, but don't they spend the money? When we are sick, they heal us quick—that is if they do love us; if not we die, and then they cry, and raise tombstones above us."

THE WAY HE WAS MISSED.—When James Beresford, author of "The Miseries of Human Life," was at the Charter House School, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played truant to attend a concert, the school (says Southey) was so quiet without him, that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging.

THE TITLE OF KING.—The English title of King had generally been supposed to be derived from the native word *Gynig*, signifying *wise*; but the Hebrew word *Roach* is, doubtless, the root of all the present titles denoting sovereign power; the *Pauic Roach*; the *Seythian Roach*; the *Latin Roach*; the *Spanish Roach*; and the *French Roach*. The German nations styled their monarch according to their different dialects, *Konig*, *Kuning*, *Koning*, *King*.

MAKING A GREAT FUSS.—Two Dutch farmers in Canada, whose farms were adjacent, were out in their respective fields, when one overheard an unusual loud hallooing in the direction of a gap in a high stone wall, and ran with all speed to the place, and the following brief conversation ensued:—"Shon, vat ish te matter!" "Ven, den," says John, "I was trying to climb on to the top of dish high stone wall, and I fell off, and all te stone wall tumble down on te me, and it hash broke one of mine legs off, and both of mine arms off, and smashed mine ribs in, and deese pig stones are lying on te te top of mine body." "Ish dat all?" says the other. "Vy, you hollow so big loud I tot you got te toof-ache."

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London: Printed and published by JOHN DICKS, at the office, No. 313, Strand.—Saturday, Dec. 8, 1866.